WATCH FOR "ESTHER, THE MOUNTAIN BEAUTY," BY EMMA HOWARD WIGHT
"FRANK DOULTON AT SEA," A THRILLING STORY FOR BOYS, COMES NEXT

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 37. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1910. SINGLE COPIES 5 CENTS.

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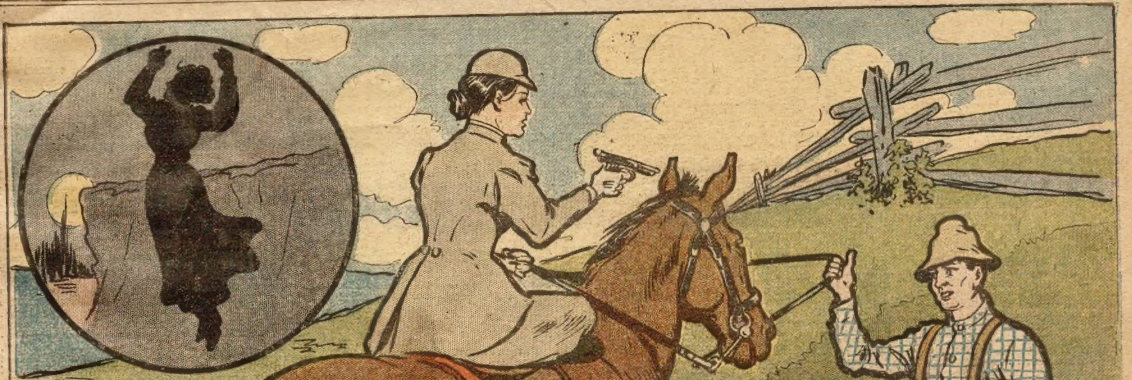

The Ghost Hunters;

Or, SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF HAUNTED ROCK

By Colonel Morgan T. Sulley

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

HE was sitting on the top rail, sunning himself like some strange and gigantic bird.

His soft slouch hat was pulled low over his eyes; his hickory shirt was open at the chest; his bare toes were curled around one of the lower fence rails to make his perch more secure.

He looked like a typical representative of that class of natives which city people sometimes call "hill-billies."

His eyes were open, far gazing beneath the brim of his hat, and he did not seem to see the girl that rode the spotted pony.

"Good afternoon," said the girl. She reined up her pony and waited impatiently for him to speak.

"Good afternoon, sir," she repeated, raising her voice.

The gray eyes of the young man gazed far beyond her, into the land of dreams, but he made no reply.

She hesitated a moment as if in doubt whether to ride on, and leave the surly fellow to his dreams. Then she seemed to make up her mind to wake him up. She turned the pony's head and rode directly to the man on the fence.

"I say, are you deaf?" she exclaimed.

He looked at her a moment in blank amazement and then slowly removed his hat.

"I beg pardon," he said. "Are you real?"

She smiled slightly.

"I was dreaming," he went on. "I thought you were only part of the dream. I must have seen you at first."

"That is a little puzzling. I spoke to you three times."

"I know the pony," he said. "It belongs to Pegleg Dodson. But you——" he glanced with open admiration at the neat gray riding habit which clothed the slender form, at the little cap on the sunny hair, at the deep brown eyes, the straight nose, the rosebud mouth, the tip tilted, adorable chin—"you do not fit into the landscape. In Central Park, or along Rotten Row, or in the neighborhood of the Tuileries, you might be a reality. Here, you are a dream maiden. I believe I am still asleep. The horse is the horse of the miller, but the girl is an illusion. Do not wake me up, Titania."

The puzzled look on the young woman's face deepened into confusion and alarm as the young man proceeded. To hear references to New York, London and Paris, to be called by the name of Shakespeare's fairy queen, was too much to expect from this barefooted hill-billy on the rail fence.

"I——I——good-by," she stammered.

She drew up the rein tightly and struck the pony with her riding whip, but before the beast could wheel the young man reached out a long arm and caught hold of the bit.

"Do not go, Titania," he beseeched.

The pony reared up on his hind feet, dragging the man from the fence. He clung to the reins, however, and with a strength that she might have admired at another time he brought the frightened animal to its feet and held it firmly.

"Let go," she cried. Her face was pale, her eyes blazing. The rosebud lips narrowed into a straight, thin line. She lashed at the man's face with her whip, raising a welt across his cheek.

When she struck again he caught the whip in his left hand and drew it from her.

She snatched a small automatic gun from the breast of her riding habit and pointed it directly at him. Her finger trembled on the trigger. In another instant there threatened a tragedy.

The young man's face paled a little through its coat of tan. He ignored the deadly weapon and gazed into her eyes steadily. He defied her, reproached her, commanded her, pleaded with her in that wordless, compelling message that flashed from his soul to hers.

"You know I will not hurt you," his eyes said. "You are the most adorable of women. I defy you to kill me, yet even death might be sweet at your hands. Why do you misunderstand me so? I am not crazy, and there is no need for you to be frightened. It is fate that has brought us together. Let us rejoice."

All this he said, and more—things that never can be translated into words—as they stood there silently.

Whatever estrangements or misunderstandings might come between them in the future, at that exalted moment they knew one another, when spirit spoke to spirit through the flashing of the eyes.

In the end she was dominated, the hand that held the weapon fell to her side. Her lips trembled. There were tears in her eyes. She looked at him humbly.

She had found her master.

Is there anything more poignant in all a woman's experience than the shock which suddenly comes to her when she surrenders her soul to the keeping of a man? When her subconsciousness says, "I am thine."

That surrender may never be put into words. The two may meet as strangers and part as strangers, externally, but that sublime moment of renunciation changes the world.

CHAPTER II.

IN THE STORM.

Womanlike, she began to rail at him. It is an instinct with the fair sex to conceal emotion in a cloud of words.

"You act like a crazy man," she declared. "Apparently you are not crazy, and neither are you the stupid mountaineer that you seem to be. Do you know that you almost made a murderess out of me?"

"I beg your pardon again," he said. "I am really a mountaineer. I was born on the hill up here, and I think I must be the most stupid of men. Put that toy weapon away. See, I have released you, and here is your whip."

She looked at his face and saw that the mark of the whip had become an angry ridge on his cheek. Little streams of blood trickled down here and there over his jaw and neck.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she breathed.

"It is nothing." He found a handkerchief —she noticed that it was a spotlessly clean one—in the pocket of his overalls and wiped the blood away. "Do not distress yourself about it. Did you want to inquire your way?"

"I meant to ask you the direction to Dodson's Ferry."

"Oh," he said, a gleam of understanding in his eye. "Are you with Prof. Tyndall's party?"

"Yes. He is my father."

"I heard he had come, and I meant to call on him tomorrow. One must pay one's respects to so famous a man. And then I had a letter from him, last week."

"Then you are John Henderson," she exclaimed quickly. "I know because I wrote that letter. I am my father's secretary."

"I am John Henderson, Miss Tyndall." He bowed respectfully.

"After this somewhat informal meeting, I hope we may become friends," he said, smiling at her quizzically.

"Oh, please don't make a joke of it," she exclaimed. "I don't know why you frightened me so. But after I struck you with the whip I seemed to lose my head entirely. It makes me weak to think how near I came shooting you."

"Let us forget it," he said. "And as for the blow with the whip"—he rubbed his cheek thoughtfully—"they say a man never forgets the woman who makes her mark on him."

"There are memories—and memories," she flashed.

"Are you a ghost hunter, too, Miss Tyndall?"

"I never heard it called that, before," she laughed.

"Of course the fame of your noted father has penetrated even to these wilds," he said. "I had read of the distinguished president of the International Society for Psychic Research," and I knew he was therefore the chief ghost hunter in the world, even before I got his letters. Since then I have had the pleasure of looking him up. I assure you that the Ghost of Dodson's Ferry will be proud to be investigated by Prof. Tyndall."

"Are you laughing at me?" she asked coldly. "I assure you that my father is a great scientist."

"Who hunts ghosts as other scientists hunt butterflies or paleolithic stones," he said. "It was inevitable that sooner or later he should hear of our ghost, which may be less widely known but is better authenticated than that of Hamlet's father."

"Have you seen it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Many and many a time. Didn't you know it is my grandmother'sghost?"

"Your grandmother's ghost?"

"Yes, I will tell you about it, sometime, if you care to hear of it. At present, you would better think of getting back to Dodson's Ferry."

He glanced at the sun, which was even now dipping behind the tree tops of the high ridge across the river. Then he looked anxiously at the bank of dark clouds across the valley above the horizon where the river dipped to the Northwest.

It is late, and it is going to storm," he said. "You have missed your way, somehow. The road here leads up the ridge to Pineyville. You will have to go back three miles and take the other road which runs down the bottoms."

"I remember that road."

"Altogether, by the way you will have to go it is seven miles to the mill. I doubt if you can make it before the storm and darkness come up. I advise you to go up to the house and spend the night with Mrs. Beavers, while I go across the river from here on foot and tell your father that you are safe."

"Thank you very much," she said. "But I must go back to the camp. Aunt Annabel would be hysterical about me. She declared when I rode away this afternoon that I would be lost, or kidnaped, or else devoured by wild beasts, or that something dreadful would happen to me. I must go back that way?"

"It is a mere path, and the travel is hard for a horse. Besides, you would be sure to get lost, without a guide. Perhaps if I go with you and lead the pony over the rough places we might make it in time. If you insist on returning, that would be the better way."

"If you would be so kind as to guide me. I—I—of course—"

He saw that she was trying to offer him pay for the service and was not quite sure that he would not be offended.

"Let us be going," he said, lightly. He glanced down the river at the rapidly approaching storm cloud. Already the lightning could be seen and the distant roll of thunder heard.

"We'll never make it in time, Miss Tyndall. It is wiser to go to the house and wait until the shower is over and then go. You will be in for a good wetting, if no worse."

"It is necessary for me to go to the camp at once. Of course, I do not wish to have you come if you are—"

"Afraid?" he laughed. "I am a little afraid, for these mountain storms are sometimes bad. But it will be only one more adventure for the day. Follow me, Miss Tyndall."

He struck up the road at a swinging trot, his bare feet pattering in the dusty highway like the velvet tread of some animal.

The pony galloped sharply to keep up with him.

At the end of the fence he turned the corner into the woods, smiling back at her encouragingly. The pony hesitated a moment and then plunged after him.

It was an old road and apparently had not been used for many years. The underbrush whipped around his feet, but John Henderson scarcely slackened his pace. He seemed as tireless as a wolf.

As long as they kept beside the fence the way was comparatively smooth, but at the end of the field there was a sudden descent into the river bottom.

He waited here until the pony came up.

"We are going down a path here to the bottom, where we will find another old road, Miss Tyndall. The pony is sure footed, but I think it will be safer for you to walk for a short distance."

"You are the guide," she said.

He lifted her from the saddle as lightly as if she were a child.

"Take my arm now, and be careful," he admonished. He threw the bridle rein over his other arm and assisted her down the cliffs, the pony picking a careful way behind them.

At one particularly difficult spot he placed his arm about her waist and lifted her down a shelving ledge. When she stood safe below, he helped the pony.

In a few minutes they were at the foot of the cliffs, and White River spread out before them, rolling majestically between the elms and sycamores that lined its borders.

He studied the river a moment.

"There has been a rain up towards the headwaters, and the river is rising," he said. "It is not safe for us to try to ford it. I had expected to reach the road on the other side of the stream, but we will now be compelled to go down the bottom on this side by the old, old, road. The going will be very bad. I am sorry we did not take the other route, long as it is. But it is too late to go back."

She looked down the river, through the apparently impenetrable thickets, and then she looked up at the sky, dark almost to the zenith, streaked by flashes of lightning here and there like some huge electric sign spread across the heavens.

"Are you afraid?" he asked. "Shall we go back to the house? It is scarcely half a mile from where we left the main road."

"No," she declared. "Let us go on to the camp, if you think we can make it. I am in no greater danger than you are."

"I think there is no real danger," he said. "But it may be unpleasant."

"I trust you fully," she said.

"Thank you; I will see that you get home safely."

He helped her on the saddle again.

But he led the animal now as he plunged into the darkening forests along the bank of the river.

CHAPTER III.

HOME OF THE GHOST.

For twenty minutes, perhaps, they made their way slowly along the river bank, when they reached the mouth of a little valley, or ravine, which broke [illegible] the hill.

"I want you to notice this place particularly," said John Henderson.

The girl glanced around at the spot, as if wondering what could make it worth special notice.

"Some of the larger trees seem to have been cleared away," she suggested, "and it looks as if at some time there might have been a house on the level spot above us."

"Yes," he said, "there was a house here, fifty years ago. My grandmother lived here."

"Oh, the ghost?"

"Yes; the ghost."

"And is that the haunted spot?"

"Are you afraid of ghosts?" he asked, ignoring her question.

The girl laughed.

"I suppose every ordinary young woman is afraid of ghosts," she said. "But just at this moment I am more afraid of getting wet. I think the storm is upon us. How much further do we have to go?"

"Hardly half a mile," he said. "But this means a half hour at least, for the river bank between here and the ferry is precipitous."

They hurried along for a few minutes, crossing the little ravine and making their way along the foot of a cliff.

On one side of them was the river, on the other side the rocky side of the mountain.

The little bench along which they walked was only a few yards wide, and it had become so rough that the girl was obliged to dismount again while they clambered over the rocks.

The pony followed them. It seemed as sure footed as a goat.

Already big drops of rain were falling. The distant roar of the wind could be heard and the lightning crashed about them like big guns on the battlefield.

Suddenly the storm struck them in all its fury.

The rain fell in torrents and the branches of the trees crashed and twisted as if the whole forest was being torn by a mighty hand.

Fortunately, at this moment they had reached a spot where the bench widened out. The face of the cliff seemed to have broken off, and huge rocks, some of them as big as houses, had fallen into the edge of the river.

The girl gave a little involuntary cry of fright as the deluge of water struck them.

With a burst of laughter, as if to reassure her, John Henderson threw his right arm about the girl's waist and drew her up to the cliff and into a little recess, or cavern, where they were sheltered.

The place was big enough to hold the pony, too, and that intelligent animal crowded in, as if he were a dog who wanted human companionship at a moment of danger.

"There, Miss Tyndall, you are just as safe here as you would be at home, perhaps safer than you might be at the mill where you have camped, across the river."

"Y-e-s," she said.

"Are you afraid?"

"I am a little afraid—of the storm," she admitted. "If you don't mind I will hold to your arm."

"Certainly. The wind is blowing pretty hard, but it will exhaust itself in a little while. Then the rain will pass over, and the moon will shine, and we can easily make the ferry. These midsummer storms in the mountains are as brief as they are fierce."

"I asked you awhile ago if this was the haunted spot, Mr. Henderson?"

"And I asked if you were afraid of ghosts."

"No, really, I am not. You see my father has been hunting ghosts—that is your own expression, and I rather like it—since I can first remember. I have traveled with him all over the world. We have looked for voodoos and hoodoos among the negroes of the South, astral bodies in India. I have seen mediums, mahatmas and medicine men, all my life. I take an intelligent, scientific interest in all sorts of spiritual manifestations, and honestly, I would rather meet a ghost than a mouse, any day."

"In that case," said John Henderson slowly, "I don't mind telling you that this is the haunted spot, precisely. Along this cliff is where the ghost has been seen so frequently. From the other side of the river I have often watched it on a summer evening. When an effort has been made to approach it too closely it leaps into the river from the rocks just below us, and disappears."

She tried to search his face in the dim light.

"Are you joking with me?" she asked.

"No, indeed; you must remember that this is my grandmother's ghost, and that its existence was the most vital fact in my childhood. I never thought of doubting what everybody believed was true."

"And do you doubt, now?"

"There is undoubtedly some mystery here," he said, evasively. "I am really glad that your father has come to solve it."

"And I was just thinking that it seemed like an impertinence on our part to investigate your family ghost."

"I never was afraid of it, any way, Miss Tyndall. In which I was peculiar. But I have not been on this side of the river often. I was forbidden to come here when I was a child, and since then I have kept away because I have felt that the ghost made me a bit morbid, and a bit melancholy, and I have tried to get out from under its influence as much as possible."

"Would you mind telling me the story of your grandmother, and her ghost?" she asked softly.

"It seems a little weird to tell it on this spot," he said soberly. "We may see the ghost before we leave."

"Oh, wouldn't that be lovely!" she exclaimed.

"I suspect that we are two strange beings," he laughed. "This spot of ground, and all the mountain back of us and the river bottom above and below is shunned as if it were pestilential. Probably we are the first human beings who have ventured here for years. I haven't got a friend or a neighbor who would not rather jump into the river than to take refuge here on a dark and stormy night."

"How strange it seems!"

"Well, I will tell you the story, since you are sure it will not frighten you," he said.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GHOST.

"There are no pictures of my grandmother in existence," began John Henderson; "but she is known to have been a beautiful girl. She was born in the spot we have just passed, and spent her girlhood there.

"Her father, who was my great-grandfather, took the side of the Union when the Civil War broke out. He joined the Federal Army, and was killed. His widow and daughter remained here, because they had no other home. They endured the open hostility of their neighbors, while they saw their farms ravaged and their property destroyed by the bands of guerrillas and bushwhackers that infested this neighborhood.

"It was in the summer of 1863 that my grandmother met with her life romance, which was to be also a tragedy. She was coming along the river bottom one day when she found a wounded Federal soldier, who had been shot from ambush as he rode along the public highway, and who had crawled through the woods, dragging a broken leg behind, until he fainted from loss of blood."

"Oh," exclaimed the girl who listened to this strange tale. "How dreadful!"

"It was a dreadful time," said Henderson. "But women are brave when they are schooled in heroic years. I am told that my grandmother tore up her petticoats to bind up the wound and stanch the flow of blood. Then, after she had brought him water, she ran for her mother, and the two women managed to get the stricken man home, where they hid him and nursed him through a long illness. They loved him for the uniform he wore, and the cause to which he was devoted.

"When the soldier came out of his delirium they learned that he was bearing dispatches from his chief at Fort Smith to the Federal general at Springfield. He fretted more at his inability to deliver his dispatches than at his own dangerous plight.

"Do you know what my grandmother did? She took her horse and rode to Springfield, seventy miles through a war-stricken country and delivered the envelope which the wounded man had carried. Then she returned home, bearing a letter in which her own heroic action was praised to the skies, and a sixty-day furlough for her wounded guest.

"That the young lieutenant loved her is not strange. And you will see before the end of the story that she worshiped him.

"When he was convalescent they were married and their honeymoon was an idyllic one, though it only lasted three weeks. Then the young husband thought himself sufficiently recovered to answer the call of duty, and went back to join his company.

"He did not leave too soon. In some way or other the word got out that the two women were harboring a Federal officer.

"The guerrillas came looking for him. They refused to believe that he had gone away and tortured the women to make them reveal his hiding place. Before they went away they burned down the house."

"Oh, the wretches!" cried Miss Tyndall. Then she added: "I beg your pardon for interrupting you, Mr. Henderson. Please go on."

"My great-grandmother was in favor [illegible] going across the line into Missouri. B[illegible] grandmother would not leave the spot.

"'My husband has agreed to come for me with a company of his men. I must wait for him,' she declared.

"So the two women gathered up what bedding and furniture they could from the wreck of their homestead and moved into a cave at the foot of the cliff, not fifty yards from this spot. They made their

This is a Good Breakfast!

Instead of preparing a hot meal, have some fruit,

Post Toasties

with cream;

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A cup of Postum.

Such a breakfast is pretty sure to win you.

"The Memory Lingers."

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
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WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

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home for the winter in this dark and wretched place, subsisting as best they could.

"Always my great-grandmother was pressing for departure, and always my mother refused to go. 'My husband will come for me, if he is alive he will come,' she maintained. 'If we go away he will not know where to find me.'

"Every day she would go to the site of the burned home and sit for hours, waiting for him—for the man that never came."

"Do you suppose——" Miss Tyndall began and then she paused.

"That he deserted her? I do not think so. He was my grandfather, and since he was a brave soldier, I am sure he met his death at the hands of the Confederates while he was making his way through the mountains. I have learned one thing since I was old enough to examine the records. He never reached his command. If he deserted his wife, he also deserted the army, which double villainy is too much to believe of a man who had a record for bravery. His own comrades never accused him of desertion. The Government records at Washington complete his career with these words set opposite his name:

"'Missing. Believed to have been killed while on duty.'

"But I must hurry my tale to a conclusion, or I will tire you."

Miss Tyndall almost tearfully protested that it was more thrilling and heartbreaking than any novel, and begged him to continue.

"Well, early in the spring my mother was born—in the cave. A week afterward my great-grandmother died. The young mother was left there alone with her babe and her dead.

"The neighbors heard of it, and their hearts were touched. They went with help and words of comfort, and all their bitterness was forgotten when they saw my grandmother's sad plight. They buried the dead woman and took my grandmother and babe to one of their homes.

"But the poor creature, from her great trouble and from her exposure at such a critical time, was crazed. She watched for a chance and then ran away, back to her cave. She suffered from a mania that her husband would yet return and that he would not find her.

"The neighbors went for her, but they could not persuade her to come with them. They brought her babe, but she would not recognize it, nor own it. When they tried to take her away by force she broke loose from them and fled to the hills back of us. They hunted for her, but she was as fleet and cunning as the wild creatures.

"At last one day the whole neighborhood came and surrounded the hill and established a line she could not break through. they drew in upon her slowly, and at nightfall they cornered her on the big rocks in the edge of the river just below us.

"When they came up to her and would have laid hands on her she uttered one despairing shriek and leaped in the river."

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed the girl who was listening to this tragic tale. She put her hands over her eyes and sobbed.

"Forgive me," said John Henderson. "I did not realize how such a story would shock you."

Miss Tyndall soon recovered her composure and begged him to go on.

"There is little more to tell," said he. "The water is deep by the rocks. My grandmother disappeared. She never came to the surface and though they searched for her all that night and dragged the river for days they never found her body.

"But often at nightfall she might be seen standing on the rock by the brink of the river, or pacing forlornly along the bank. And if she was approached she would throw up her hands with an unearthly cry and dive into the water and disappear.

"Thus the ghost came to be an established fact. Thousands of people have seen the apparition since that time, and have felt their blood run cold at it.

"As I told you, I never feared the ghost. In my childhood I felt even an affection for it. The poor dead lady, who came back after death looking for her husband, appealed to my imagination. I used to come to the opposite bank of the river and wait for her to appear. Sometimes she would not come, but whenever I obtained a glimpse of her I went home, sad, but satisfied.

"My own mother died when I was a child. I could not remember her. I was the last of the line, and the ghost of my grandmother seemed to be very near and dear to me. I longed to comfort her. It has been nearly fifty years since she died, but she still comes and walks the river bank at twilight. So if your celebrated father can solve this mystery and discover whence comes the apparition, there is no one will rejoice so much as I."

Henderson paused and gazed thoughtfuly out through the trees. The wind had died down. The rain had ceased. The darkness of the storm had passed away, and the dimness of the deep twilight had settled over the bottom.

"It is a sad tale," said Miss Tyndall at last. "I am sorry for the poor lady, and—I am sorry for your melancholy childhood."

"The storm is over," said he. "Let us make our way to the ferry."

He caught the pony's bridle and offered his arm to the girl.

They emerged from the shelter of their niche in the bluff and turned their faces toward the river.

"Sh-sh," exclaimed the girl. "Look who goes there."

Below them, on the brink of the river moved a dim form.

"It is the ghost, Miss Tyndall. Do not be frightened."

"As I live, it is the ghost!" she echoed in a whisper.

The shape moved below them. It seemed to glide uncannily. Its outlines could be traced but faintly, and not a sound of its footsteps could be heard as it moved out onto the largest rock that lay in the stream.

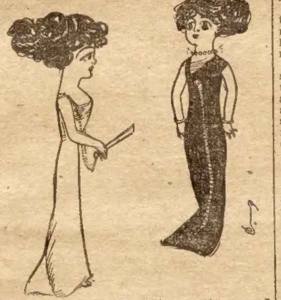
Then the apparition, if such indeed it was, lifted two long arms above its head. It uttered a melancholy, unearthly wail and cast itself into the river.

The waters closed over it. That was all.

But as they stood there breathless the echo of that wail came back to them from the bluffs beyond, and it sounded like a call, faint, far and heart searching—a call from another world.

The continuation of this extraordinary [illegible] will [illegible] in the [illegible] issue of next week. It leads to very strange and thrilling situations. It will pay you to read it to the end. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year.

Saw and Fled.



Miss Foy—I have yet to see the man I want to marry.

Miss Rand—But maybe he saw you.

When a Woman Is Forty.

When a woman has attained the age of 40, if she began the period of maturity with reasonable good health, and has not injured herself by evil habits or late hours, she has reached perhaps the most attractive time of existence. The woman of 40 should have sense enough to aid her, because she has passed the gushing period. Many people only see two periods in life—youth and old age. Some silly women, when they reach the age of 40, spoil themselves by either trying to be young—which they cannot do—or by putting themselves down as old, which they certainly are not.

The sensible woman of 40 neither attempts to be girlish, nor allows herself to become a dowdy. She is not old maidish—if she be single—or grandmotherly if she happens to be married.

She doesn't consider herself too old to have a good time. She accepts middle age, the ripe, matured, attractive prime of life, with quiet dignity, and in this middle way finds the road to real happiness.

The woman of 40 is often happier than the girl of 20, because she has learned the right way to look at life. She contemplates life with a clear eye and a well-balanced mind.

The woman of 40 knows which are the essential things of life, the things to be fostered and clung to at all costs, and which are the ephemeral trifles that are frivolous and useless. She has cultivated true friendship, and found that enjoyment which lies in the affection, and grows and strengthens with the passing of years.

Missed Their Guess.

A highly attractive young woman all done up in brand new toggery and accompanied by a clean-cut looking man, also spick and span in new garments, walked across the parlor toward the diningroom entrance.

Two male loungers, leaning back in their big chairs, looked at the couple.

"Bet you 50 cents' worth of cigars," remerked male person No. 1, "that they're a June bridal pair."

"I'd lose if I went against that," allowed the other male lounger. "They've been married so recently that they haven't got all the tags and creases removed from their wedding clothes yet."

Just as the supposed June bride and bridegroom were approaching the diningroom door he turned to her and said in a tone meant for her ears alone, but which carried beyond them: "Now, see here. There's two hooks in the back of your dress that you've left unfastened again. Seems to me I've asked you about often enough not to come appearing in public places looking like you'd dressed while the firemen were moving the furniture out o' the house."

"Guess we're crummy guessers," said one, "or else that fellow's throwing an awful bluff."

Needle and Pin.

A pin and a needle, neighbors in a workbasket, being both idle, began to quarrel, as idle folks are apt to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin to the needle, what you are good for, and how you can expect to get through the world without a head."

"What's the use of your head," responded the needle rather sharply, "if you have no eye?"

"What's the use of an eye," said the pin, "if there is always something in it?"

"I am more active and go through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long."

"Why not?" said the needle.

"Because you always have a stitch at your side," said the pin.

"You are a crooked creature," said the needle.

"And you are so proud that you won't bend without breaking your back," said the pin.

"I'll pull your head off if you insult me again," said the needle.

"And I'll pull your eye out if you touch my head," said the pin.

While they were thus contending a little girl entered and, trying to sew, she very soon broke off the needle at the eye. Then she tied the thread around the neck of the pin and in trying to pull the thread through the cloth pulled its head off and then threw it into the dirt beside the broken needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle.

"We have nothing to fight about now," said the pin.

"Misfortune seems to have brought us to our senses," said the needle. "How much we resemble human beings who quarrel about their blessings till they lose them and never find out that they are brothers till they lie down in the dust together as we are."

As Indicated.

Professor—To what class of maladies does insomnia belong?

Bright Student—Why—er—insomnia is a contagious disease.

Professor—Where did you learn that?

Bright Student—From experience. When my neighbor's dog can't sleep at night I can't either.

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The Vanishment of Gulnare;

A Thrilling Tale of the Copper Region

By WILLIAM T. BARTWICK

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CHAPTER XIII.

SHOWS HIS HAND.

"PARSON, will you marry us?"

Thus spoke the lean mine boss as the minister entered the room.

"Why, certainly, if——"

Silene white now with indignation, walked to the window and gazed into the street. That jewel of a true heart's devotion—the engagement ring—lay a crunched, despoiled thing on the carpet. Its glitter was still in evidence, however, although no one save the girl noticed it.

She remembered many things in that moment of her humiliation. Now if never before, she read her heart aright, it was all given to the boy who even now sat imprisoned in that Northern town of the copper country.

While wroth with Irl Wallace because of his supposed dissolute habits, she had turned to McForce, who had made desperate love and finally won her consent to be his wife.

Silene had repented that promise almost as soon as given. Being proud as Lucifer she would never have broken troth with this man had he not taken an unfair advantage of his position. Now she spoke truly when she declared she hated and despised him.

She had hoped to avoid a scene. He, however, seemed bent upon invoking one. The whole affair was so disgraceful she wondered how she should ever dare look any one in the face again.

"Everything is ready," producing a license. "Miss Dawn, will you please step this way."

How could he speak like that? The cool, cunning, green-eyed scoundrel!

Miss Dawn indeed!

Even the minister started and looked grave. These were not the words of a lover on the eve of his wedding.

"Bring in your witnesses, parson, and we'll have this thing over in no time. You see, we have to take the train for the North this very night."

"Why, yes," began Parson Goodwin. "Of course."

As he turned to quit the room, Silene caught her breath in a swift gasp, and faced about. She raised her hand with a gesture of angry impatience. "You need call no witnesses," she said imperiously. "There will be no marriage. Mr. McForce has made a blunder. I am not the girl he wants."

"You see, sir," spoke Eldow hurriedly, "my poor dear girl has grown nervous, and her mind is slightly affected. It will all come right after we are married. Proceed with your plans, elder. Fetch the witnesses."

"Er, you see, this is somewhat irregular," stammered the puzzled man of God. "I hardly think——"

"Oh, it's all right," broke in McForce, waving his hand impatiently. "Go about this at once, we are in a hurry."

Despite her anger Silene could not but help admire the man's devilish impudence. She was becoming faint from the closeness of the atmosphere and could not possibly stand much more of this farce.

"There'll be no marriage," she said sharply. "I refuse to become this man's wife."

This seemed to be emphatic.

"Well, well, of course——"

"Of course that settles it," chuckled Silene's companion. "I had hoped to avoid a scene. I trust you will say nothing about this, Mr. Parson."

The speaker took Silene by the hand and led her from the room.

"What a strange couple," thought the minister. He watched them walk down the street, the taxicab having long since gone by order of McForce.

The twain walked on for some time in silence.

McForce was the first to speak. He said with a strangely irrelevant laugh: "You did put on the injured innocence air with a vengeance, Silene. Now, since you'll have no more of me I trust we may still be friends."

"You ask too much. I hate you!"

"Oh, as to that, you'll soon forget this little episode in your career."

"My career! You speak as though I were some variety of actress!"

"Still mad, I see," and he relapsed into silence.

"Mr. McForce, will you call a cab and take me to the station?"

"Certainly, if that is your wish," with seeming great deference.

"It certainly is my wish. I am going home."

"But not tonight?"

"Certainly tonight."

"But, my dear Silene, you need one night's rest. It's been a rather strenuous time for both of us since we left Tidewater. I hope you will not misconstrue my motives when I ask you to stay at least another day in Chicago."

"Not another hour if I could help myself."

"I fear you will make yourself ill by such conduct."

He noted that her face was flushed, and that hot fire burned in her brown eyes. She was evidently still fuming inwardly.

He was soon able to hail a cab, and they drove together to the depot.

"Of course, if you insist on this sudden flitting, I shall have to postpone some rather important business till another time," he said as he seated her in one of the day coaches, she having refused to take a sleeper.

"You need postpone nothing on my account," she retorted. "I can get on very comfortably without your further aid."

"Then perhaps I had better stop over for a day or two."

"It is of no interest to me what you do."

He left the car, swung to the platform and stood talking with one of the train officials. When, however, the train pulled out, he swung himself upon the platform of the smoker and soon found a seat by himself, with a lighted cigar between his lips.

"It has ended about as I expected," and a smile swept across his thin features. "Silene is a mighty smart girl; I like her grit and good heart, but I got out of that net easier than I expected. I was a fool to enter into that engagement; and to think that I was afraid to back out when I found I did not really care for her as I once imagined, for fear of breaking her heart. It's wonderful how this intricate machinery works. Cupid is no respecter of persons. Irl Wallace isn't so bad. He and Silene may yet be happy together after all."

He took out his watch, opened it and gazed fixedly at a pretty girl's photograph imbedded therein. "So," he muttered, "it was you after all, my child, and not haughty Miss Dawn. Good thing I kept this, although once I thought of throwing it out when I had promised to wed another."

And then the silly fellow touched the inner case of his watch with his lips. At the same moment the conductor sank into the vacant seat at his side.

"What's so interesting about the turnip?" and the trainman laughed.

"Only a bit of dust I was blowing out of the case," returned the other closing the case with a snap.

Silene was in a state of mind bordering on distraction when she found herself alone. She was angry with herself for permitting that man such liberties. And to think that in a fit of resentment toward one man she had been so simple as to accept another whom she now hated instead of loved. It had been toleration, not a divine passion, and the girl was glad that it was all over with.

Of course it was not likely that the mine superintendent would prove very amiable where Mr. Wallace was concerned. The idea that he would pay out of his own pocket a large sum of money to save the accused from conviction was absurd. That aid was gone now and she must look elsewhere.

She would appeal to her guardian. He could use some of her money. No matter if it did cause people to talk, that was the proper thing to do, now that aid from the Lickspur boss was out of the question.

The lamps had been lit for some time, and Silene reclined with her head against the window end of the seat when she was startled by a touch on her shoulder.

"Is this seat engaged?" asked a voice.

The girl jumped to an upright posture and drew in her skirts. McForce sat down and smiled benignly upon her.

"I thought you remained in Chicago," she said rather tartly.

"You must think I am no gentleman," he returned. "The idea of letting you go all the way home alone was repugnant to me. I knew you would be lonesome all by yourself. It was my doings getting you to Chicago, it is my duty to see you safely landed at Tidewater once more."

His speech was mild and uninfluenced by the late rebuffs he had received. She thought him the strangest man she had ever met. What was he conniving at now? Some villainy she was almost sure.

"Well, after the way you treated me, I was hoping——"

"I would have sense enough to keep my distance. Is that it, Silene?"

"Yes, that is exactly it."

"Well, with all our disagreements, Si, I can't see the harm in my remaining your friend. I really didn't want to make you Mrs. McForce, unless you wished to fill that position."

"You knew I did not."

"Why then did you engage yourself to me?"

"Because I was a simpleton. I thought I loved you."

"And you were mistaken?"

"Sadly mistaken."

"There are two of us—shake."

He put out his hand. A deep, impenetrable smile touched his face.

"You are more hateful than ever," she said, permitting him to squeeze her hand. "I wish you had remained at Chicago."

"I am glad I did not. There was nothing for me to do there since I have employed Wiseax to take our case. After he gets your friend out of jail, Silene, I want you to invite me to the wedding. Don't interrupt, please, till I have my say out. I knew all along that we were a precious pair of idiots—you and I. I was mad, too, at somebody. Never mind any confidences just now. You will agree to this, won't you?"

"To what?"

"To inviting me to your wedding. Since I can't have you, I know of no one else to whom I could more calmly resign you than to the poor boy who has been so unfortunate as to get himself locked up for murder."

Silene was ready to cry. All his talk sounded so strange and uncanny.

She sat with closed eyes till he spoke again.

"I have an idea that it may prove a hard matter to clear the youngster because of his intimates, such fellows as Grant Stynch and the like."

"How dare you, sir, intimate such a thing?"

The girl was in arms at once in defense of her lover. He smiled and plucked at his mustache.

"Maybe I am hard on the boy," he said reflectively.

"You know he never trained in such company," she blurted, boiling with indignation. "I have since learned the truth about that affair at Boody's dance. Irl was in no way to blame."

"Um-um."

McForce sat back and stared into vacancy. His companion drew away as if wishing to be excused of further confab. He took the hint and soon after quitted the car.

On the following day the first man to greet Eldow McForce on his arrival at Tidewater was his employer, Gabriel Lickspur. That gentleman was evidently laboring under some excitement as he said in an undertone, drawing the superintendent's arm within his own: "The devil is to pay in this town, McForce, and I want you to come home with me for a spell, till the storm blows over."

CHAPTER XIV.

A BOOTLESS CONFAB.

The old millionaire hurried his employe from the depot before he had time to look after his fair compagnon de voyage.

Hustling him into his carriage the jehu was ordered to drive at once to the home of the mine owner. Not a word was spoken on the way. Once in his den Gabriel Lickspur threw himself into a chair, mopped his brow with a heavy handkerchief and said:

"Hades is out for noon, and no pitch h[illegible] old man!"

McForce stood by the littered desk, one elbow on the same, his gray-green eyes fixed on the rugged face of his employer. He said not a word but waited for the other to explain.

"You have been to Chicago I understand?" said Lickspur with a grunt.

"You are right, I have been to Chicago."

"What for?"

"In the interest of my friend, the prisoner at the jail—Irl Wallace."

"So I was informed, but I couldn't believe it."

"And why not, pray?"

McForce was calm as a summer cloud, while his employer seemed very much ruffled, somehow considerably disturbed. If the proprietor was disposed to feel angry because of what he had done McForce stood ready to hand in his requisition. He knew that this was not likely to happen, however.

"Because I didn't believe you were enough interested in the fellow. It costs money to defend a criminal these days. And besides——"

"Well?"

Lickspur eyed his employe sharply from under his beetling brows.

"If what I have just learned is true, you had good cause to wish this young upstart to go over the road."

"What have you learned?"

"That Irl Wallace is entirely innocent."

"That has been my belief all along."

"Why shouldn't it be, considering—ahem——"

"Well, what seems to be troubling you, Gabriel? Speak out. I am not the one to ask for mealy-mouthed talk in my presence."

"It's this way, Eldow. The man who shot up the stage that night, killing poor Tompkins and wounding me, has confessed."

"Good enough. That of course clears Irl Wallace."

"It surely does, but——"

"Yes, but?"

"Can't you understand, it places you in a mighty ticklish position."

The green-gray eyes opened with unfeigned astonishment.

"Yes, you see, the man who confessed to shooting up the stage says he was hired to do the job. There was no robbery intended, nor any murder, only a plot to put this boy prospector in a hole. You know, we of Lickspur mine have been worried a little by the doings of this young fellow, and—well, this desperado's confession rather throws suspicion on us."

"The idea!" and Mr. McForce burst into a laugh.

"Preposterous of course, but it has left a nasty taste in the mouth."

"Why did this fellow make confession?"

"He's about to have a dangerous operation performed and thinks he may die under it, that's why."

"Who is the man?"

"A fellow named Grant Stynch."

"The Satan you say!"

Mr. McForce sank back into a chair and seemed quite done up for the time. A little further talk led to the fact that some one of the Lickspur firm put up the job.

"Now what have you to say about it,

([illegible] on page thi[illegible])

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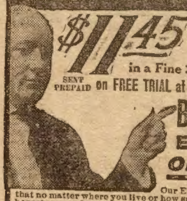

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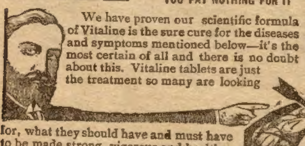

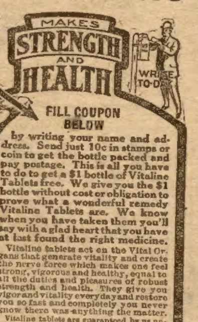

Sailing With Columbus;

Or, THE PERILS OF FAR SEAS

By WILLIAM H. MANNING

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Begun in No. 33, Aug. 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEON FINDS A RIVAL.

LEON heard, but stood still and looked. It had long been a plain fact that the Little Senorita was carrying a dangerous spread of canvas, but it had been impossible for two men to furl the sails, and nothing had been done. Reluctant to cripple the ship for later use, Leon had hesitated to cut anything away.

Now, matters were certainly worse than before. The wind had not increased, but the strain upon the upper works was making itself felt more and more. Freed from that strain the Senorita would surely ride far safer, and there would be far less danger that she would turn turtle or lose a mast. After due survey he moved to where the two sailors were struggling with the wheel.

"Must we cut away?" he shouted.

"Got to be done!" roared Ruy Paulo promptly. "All we need to do is to hack away with axe and knife, and let the raffle go overboard."

"I don't like to do it."

"If we don't do it the gale will act for us, and the mast will probably come down on the deck, smash our bulwarks and open the way for the sea. Worse yet, if the fallen mast and its sails hang there, they will be a drag that will fetch us up short and the sea will drive plump over us and every man will go to the bottom."

"Gil Yanez," pursued Leon, "what is you idea?"

"Something has got to go," answered that man calmly. "I suppose we can't better this mariner's idea, though I wish——"

He was interrupted by a rending, shrieking sound aloft, and the mast made a snapping sound like a mighty whip. Then the mainsail went shooting away, flashed white in the gloom for a moment and disappeared in the distance, flying like a vast bird.

"Bravo!" shouted Gil Yanez. "The wind has done the work for us, and neater than [illegible]ould do it. A bit of the top-timber [illegible]ne with the canvas, but what's a few [illegible] The mast stands, and I don't think [illegible] sprung."

"Bravo!" echoed Leon.

"I have seen sails carry away before, but never one that was a neater job than that. You will find that the ship will ride easier now, senor. Ay, and it will be a deal less work to hold her to her course."

The fact seemed almost too good to be true, but so it was. There was still more sail on her than Leon liked, but his heart was light as he gazed into the space where the big canvas had been.

Presently he fell to looking into the night that lay outboard. The Senorita was running a wild race, but she probably had a clear sea before her. A landfall was out of the question, and there was but a small chance of collision with another vessel, though he wished he knew just where the pirate ship was, and the caravels of Columbus's fleet.

Neither of the sailors would consent to be relieved, so Leon again went below. He found the situation improved there. Both the Count of Naratava and Inez had been equipped with dry clothing, and, though hers was not a perfect fit, they were physically comfortable. Naratava surveyed the newcomer in an analytical manner.

"Friend," he said quickly but composedly, "for the sake of our fair companion, pray give us the best news afoot."

"Fortunately," Leon replied, "there is no ill news."

"Something happened on deck!" exclaimed Inez.

"In the rigging, rather. We were endangered by carrying too much sail, and too few of numbers to furl anything, so our future was problematical, but the gale has solved our puzzle. The mainsail has blown away, and without visible injury to the mast."

"There are spare sails a-plenty," commented the Count musingly.

"Sir," cried Leon, smiling, "since I proffered you the hospitality of this ship I have learned that, whereas I am but a shipwrecked man, you are her sole owner. I pray you overlook my presumption."

"Nay, sir, there was no presumption," was the gracious answer. "I should be an ill-bred cur if I failed to be grateful to one who offered me hospitality in time of stress, even if he proffered mine own property. Having no grounds for blaming you, I am thankful. Pray forget the matter, senor. And how does the Senorita carry herself?"

"Very well. We shipped a few seas awhile ago, but not of late, and she shows a nimble heel as she flies. I call her staunch."

"Said I not so?" continued Naratava, turning to Inez with a smile. "The craft was built by mine own order, and I gave strict injunctions that she be seaworthy. 'Make her full of resistance from keel to topmast, and from stern-post to bowsprit'—such was my word. Now, sir, I have been urging the lady to retire and secure needed rest. Will you not add your plea?"

Leon looked at her closely. She was as lovely as ever, and as charming, but her eyelids hung heavy and she seemed to droop with fatigue. His duty was plain, and he added his word so well that she agreed and went to a stateroom. The Count opened the door for her, ushered her in with much well-bred ceremony, and when the door was closed turned upon his remaining companion. Leon was wondering what this courteous man of the world would say if he knew she was the daughter of the man he had sworn to destroy.

"Pray be seated," said Naratava, waving hi[illegible] hand. "I would always see my associates rest. Possibly I will do so, myself later, but my blood seems fermenting. I have ere this seen a measure of adventure year by year, but not among such heathen as I have met with last past. Senor, I scarce like the way of pirates. Why, those fellows who follow the brute Basselo are worse than the rend of a nightmare. Truth to tell, it was no easy matter to see foul murder oozing from every pore of them and smile into their faces. Yet, I did it."

"No doubt your bravery saved your life."

"Bravery? Ah, perhaps. I call it the love of life."

'What is a pirate doing in these far waters?"

"Oh! it seems that Basselo scented a mutiny among his men, so he sailed far from the coast to have it out with them where they had no ally, and no firm land to fall back upon. Maybe his plan was wise. At what he thought the right moment he egged the mutiny on and—squelched it! The mutineers are dead now."

Leon was seated by the table. The Count came closer, half-hung over a chair and looked at his companion, smiling.

"The maiden!" he said, with sudden change of subject. "Do you not call her wondrous fair?"

"It is so, sir."

"Her name is Senorita Inez. Her father—whom I have not yet met—is one Don Rafelo Blyde. I know not that race, but it is enough. If he be like his daughter he and I will be great friends."

Leon nodded, feeling unable to answer. It was a grim freak of fortune that the nobleman should speak thus of his enemy. How the situation would be changed when he knew that Rafelo Blyde was really Enrique de Zarate.

"Listen," pursued Naratava. "I can see you are of good birth and of worldly means, so you will not think me a coxcomb. I am forty-one years old, possessed of great estates and much ready money, and I have seen the world by land and sea. Verily, I am weary of wandering. It is in my mind to settle down, marry, and be a country gentleman. All I need is a wife. In my earlier years—say before I was five-and-twenty—I fell in love four times a year. As my beard grew I forgot Cupid, and never thought of a woman unless I nearly fell over one as I walked. 'Tis so with most men, I think. Anyhow, I am unmarried. Well, during my adventures in company with Donna Inez I have made a resolution. In brief, to marry her!"

Naratava looked down and began tracing imaginary figures on the table, so he did not see the flush that overspread Leon's face. The latter was startled, not because Don Enrique's foe wished to marry Don Enrique's daughter, but because Leon had plans of his own which could not be accomplished without Inez's help.

And the worst of it was that this fine-appearing patrician was presenting his aspirations so modestly that he could not be ridiculed. The Count traced in silence for fifteen seconds and then again looked up.

"Caballero," he added, "what say you? Is a man of forty-one a fool to marry?"

It was impossible to sulk before so engaging a manner, and Leon made ready response.

"A wise marriage is never folly."

"Ha! there is a morsel of philosophy for us! What of an unwise marriage?"

"Like sin, it withers the soul."

"Come! I have here a man of profound wisdom. Don Leon, may you and I see many days and nights together; for we would be born and bred comrades, so to say. Seriously, I have always given much homage to the ways of good women—as well as of good men—and I feel that I have met my future wife in Senorita Inez. If it be not so it will be no fault of mine. I am never half-hearted. Even my hate has a white heat. He who wrongs me I never forgive, but—I crush him!"

Leon could believe it, and he was wondering how Naratava would reconcile his two ambitions. To marry Inez and slay her father would make a complicated problem for him. Sanguinary thoughts soon left the noble Count, and he began an attempt to pace the cabin, his fine, spirited face full of animation, so full was he of his ambitions. A lurch of the laboring vessel flung him against the bulkhead, however, and he laughed lightly and came out of dreamland.

"Senor," he pursued, "one can drown as easily asleep as awake, so I will now seek my rest. I pray you, do the same; make yourself free in this ship. And may saints guard your rest!"

With this he pressed Leon's hand warmly and retired to a stateroom. He left Leon in a mood far from amiable. That young man had his own plans as to Inez, and it disturbed him to find so powerful a rival in the way. Powerful Naratava was, for it was a courageous maiden who could say no to a count, and he had no prior claim upon the maiden. He wished the noble lord had stayed in Spain.

Feeling himself greatly in need of sleep Leon lay down upon a locker and promptly fell into slumber. He had charged his mind with the duty of awakening soon, in order that he might take his trick at the wheel, and he was not unduly negligent. When he awoke it was midnight. He hastened to the deck and found little change in the situation. The Little Senorita was still driving before the wind, with the stout mariners clinging to the spokes and holding her up to it.

Leon told Ruy Paulo he was there to relieve him, and though that man made brief objection it was soon accomplished. The fore-hatch, though not under battens, was loosely barricaded, and Ruy did not demur at seeking rest in the cabin. Leon was left with Gil Yanez as his mate at the wheel.

"You should have sleep yourself," he said.

"I need it not," Gil replied. "Heart of the just! I am not the bodily weakling I was that day when you rescued Don Enrique—humph! I mean, Don Rafelo, Inez and the rest of us from the boat. I would have taken a trick here alone, but Ruy Paul[illegible] said I would be flung against the bul-

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Just count up, if you can, how many times you've had to stop work and put your rupture back in the last few months.

Right there you have the best proof in the world that the truss you now wear is doing no good.

Remember, your rupture is bound to get worse every time it comes out—the opening grows larger—the rupture increases in size and gets harder to hold.

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Then there is always the danger that some false step or sudden strain may throw your rupture out so violently as to cause *strangulated* hernia—and that nearly always ends in quick death.

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Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the post-office at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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GENTLE JABS.

The recording angel plays no favorites.

Taxidermists, like grafters, are out for the stuff.

The lazy man never seems to tire of what he isn't doing.

No, Cornelia, the picture of health is not a work of art.

It's easier to find a friend than it is to lose an enemy.

No man has a monopoly on wisdom; even a fool has some.

A hot spring—Jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

Don't look for trouble. You'll bump up against it soon enough.

Some men hate conceited people because they dislike competition.

And there may be more water in milk than appears on the surface.

A cricket makes more noise than a hornet, but commands less respect.

And some people never appreciate a rose until they encounter the thorn.

Many a woman would like to swap her husband for a bunch of alimony.

Why is it necessary to clean fish when they are in bathing all the time?

The old cow has the milkman beaten to a frazzle when it comes to giving real milk.

Our idea of a fool barber is one who cuts the same customer twice in the same place.

There are lots of things that even the gossips never hear of until the explosion comes.

We feel sorry for a girl who knows more than she ought to and not as much as she should.

If a pair of shoes are too small they may fit a woman, but if they are too large she has a fit.

Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. Good luck is like lightning in that respect.

By associating with some old people you may realize the truth of the saying, "The good die young."

Isn't it queer how much better looking some women get to be shortly after they break into the widow class?

If a man amounts to anything in a small town he soon begins to think he would amount to more in a big town.

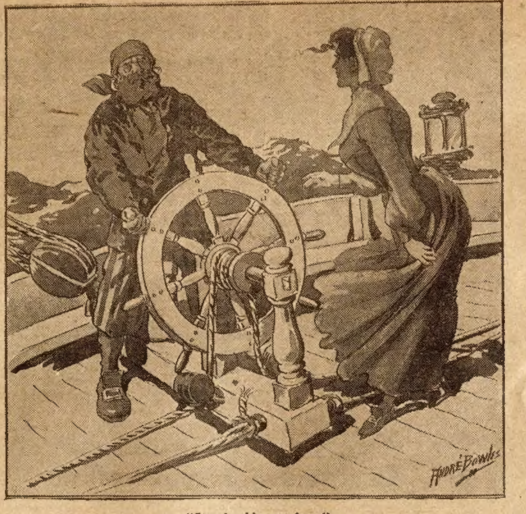
We never saw a woman who was inclined to be bald, but we know a lot of men who are bald against their inclination.

It sometimes happens that the man who is imbued with the idea that he is his brother's keeper can't even keep himself.

Your side of the argument may be convincing as far as you are concerned, but what is the use if it doesn't convince the other fellow?

A physician says that breathing through the nose is the proper way to sleep. If you awake in the night and find your mouth open get up and shut it.

When a young man acts as a girl's escort for the first time she tries to impress other girls with the idea that she can marry him any time she wants to.



"Stand aside, mariner."

(Continued from page five.)

wark and flattened into a pancake. Odds that he was right, so I pressed the point no further."

"The seas do not rear so high behind us now."

"The wind blows them down. Did ever you hear the like of that? It is no horizontal wind, but it slants downward. Whereby we get as great an uproar in our rigging as before, but the seas are flattened by the slanting drive. It is so."

Leon had heard tales like this before and disbelieved, thinking it impossible in nature. Even with Gil Yanez's word and with the evidence of his own eyes he remained a sceptic now, but, from some cause, the water did not rise so high at any visible point, and more especially it vaulted less high astern, no longer flooding the decks save with inconsequential washings.

Hours passed, and Leon and Gil stood in the howling wind and kept the ship steady. After a time the wind fell slowly, the fog lifted perceptibly, and the speed of the Senorita was diminished. All this was pleasant, but something else was not of that kind. Leon had a thought that he was unwilling to put into words, and it was Gil who finally broached the subject.

"Senor," he asked, "is this ship seaworthy?"

"Why do you inquire?" Leon responded uneasily.

"Much it seems to me she rides less buoyantly than before. Ay, it is sure that she lags and has a sluggish way."

"You voice a suspicion of my own. Ruy Paulo stopped the inflow, but this has been a fresh strain. In truth, the seams may have opened."

"The well should be sounded."

"So it should, though it will be no slight task to catch her on a level keel. As soon as Ruy comes——"

He stopped as a voice sounded at his elbow. Ruy was there, and ready to relieve him. Then he turned all his thoughts to the other matter. Moving about deck he was more than ever impressed with their sluggish motion, and he prepared the sounding rod with a heavy heart. Having wiped it dry he waited for chance to get the ship on a level keel and dropped the rod. Recovering it quickly he held the lantern close and read the graduation.

The result startled him. He had found thirty inches of water. They were badly aleak, and, still tempest-torn, in grave danger of foundering.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEAVING THE DOOMED SHIP.

Leon made his way to his waiting comrades and gave his report.

"Two feet and a half!" exclaimed Ruy Paulo. "That will sink her like so much lead!"

"It is a heavy load for so small a ship," agreed Gil Yanez, "though I have seen a larger craft carry eight feet and live until every soul was boated for the sea. That, however, was when the cargo was stuff that was almost as hard to sink as cork. I take it the Senorita is in ballast?"

"Ay! No cargo, nothing save her necessary supplies; and the ballast is shingle. Humph! The sand and gravel will carry her down like——"

"We must get the pumps going!" cried Leon briskly.

"Do it at once!" added Gil. "The wind has so fallen that I can hold the wheel alone. Do you two have at the pumps quickly. The clanking will so hearten me that I shall have the power of three men. Sink? Why, messmates, never!"

"Never!" echoed a quiet but thrilling voice beside them.

Leon wheeled quickly. His uplifted lantern showed Inez close at hand, her clothing flaunting in the wind, her hair flying to leeward, storm-beaten, but calm of face and steady of eye. Leon was startled, but when he noted how systematically she clung to the mast he grew less worried.

"Senorita," he protested, "this is an ill place for you. I beg that you will return to the cabin. If the Senorita broaches to you are liable to go overboard."

"She will not broach—" began Yanez, stoutly, but Inez interrupted.

"I am not here to be a sluggard, senors. I have held a wheel ere now, and will do so again. Stand aside, mariner, and—see!"

She grasped the spokes and stood a firm figure. No man there would have dreamed of this, but as it came to pass Leon noted that, refined and graceful as she was, she had the development that went with marked strength. It was no infantile hold she took upon the wheel.

"But, Senorita Inez——"

"It is my will. Men, get you to the pumps and save our lives. The Senorita must not sink!"

"Bravo!" shouted Gil Yanez. "Wit and wisdom, beauty and courage. Who rules here if not she? Shipmates, obey her!—to the pumps!"

Leon was not convinced, but presently he received a glance from her dark eyes that told he would do ill to oppose her further. Reluctantly, but in haste, he and Ruy ran to the pumps and soon had them a-clank. Scarcely had the water begun bubbling up and flowing across the deck than another pair of hands was added and they saw the Count of Naratava with them.

"Sorry to demand so much of my guests," said the nobleman graciously, "for it seems my sole task to free her, but I will defer arguments until the ship is dry. I hope to prove myself no feeble helper."

It was rough work for a gentleman, but Naratava took up the labor with the ardor he bestowed upon all things, and from that moment he was the life of the workers. Toil, danger and discomfort were alike small matters to him, and though he was not frivolous in the face of possible death, he was cheerful to a degree both surprising and inspiriting. A versatile person was the lord of Naratava.

While they pumped the wind fell away perceptibly, the vessel heeled less and the sails had not so hard a look as they strained at the spars, while there was not so much of racking labor in holding the wheel. Indeed, Gil Yanez felt himself able to do all the toil there and besought Inez to go below, but she would not obey, whereat Gil was filled with secret enthusiasm.

"By the eye of my patron saint!" he breathed softly, "this is a maid the like of which would make me forswear bachelorhood could I make her see me as I see her. A nymph of the sea, a fairy of the gale, an angel of the deck! Why, the sun that makes daylight is weak compared with her."

The men at the pumps had less to cheer them, but they fared very well and saw dawn with bright eyes, albeit their muscles ached. They gazed outward and saw a bleak gray sky and a tossing white sea. The little Senorita was an atom pitched about in an unfriendly expanse.

"Methinks we shall find the well dry almost to the bottom when 'tis sounded again," said the Count blithely.

Ruy Paulo looked at Leon and shook his head. Experienced in such things, he saw nothing in the ride of the ship to hearten him.

"I'll have a sounding," said Leon quickly, and left the pumps.

He recovered the graduated rod and dropped it into the tube. When he raised it again Inez, watching, saw his face fall. He was long at his reading, and then he walked back to Naratava and Ruy.

"I'll wager it is down to eight inches!" cried the nobleman bravely.

"Do you remember what it was when we began pumping?"

"It was thirty inches."

"And now it is thirty-one!"

"Eh?"

"Three of us have worked here for hours like slaves, yet, instead of lowering the water we have lost an inch. The ship is leaking faster than we can free her."

Ruy Paulo drew back with a muttered execration.

"I'll break my back here no longer," he said sullenly. "My place is below, where the leak is. I should have known it before, but I was so sure we could free her that I gambled with fate. Below, now!"

Unheeding a call from Yanez he disappeared as indicated. The Count remained smiling, but as soon as he was alone with Leon he spoke quickly.

"How long will she float?"

"I don't know. The wonder is that, being in ballast, she had stood up so stiffly until now, but she can bear it little longer. Even now she sets deep, and her ride is heavy and sullen. Buoyancy is gone, and we can rely upon nothing."

"A boat would not live in yonder sea."

"At present, no."

"Will the Senorita float until we can safely desert her?"

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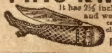

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"That is the great problem. I expect nothing favorable from the sailor's report, for I think we are so wounded below that the leak can not be stopped. I can foresee his report. After that—well! We will see. Note, senor, that the seaboard is undotted by a sail. We know not where the fleet of Admiral Columbus is, we can not lay a course for those vessels."

"In brief, we must work the pumps and try to keep her afloat until boats can be lowered with some safety, and then abandon the wreck?"

"So it seems to me."

Whey Ruy Paulo returned he had a half-gloomy, yet wholly stubborn air that was a whole story in itself. Leon motioned him aside for a secret report, but the mariner was no strategist.

"No use!" he growled. "Might as well try to sop up the ocean with a sponge. The planks are like this"—he held up a hand with the fingers widely spread—"and the water gushes in between. Every strake is a sieve. It would be nothing if it was nearer the bulwarks, but 'tis below the water-line. Pitch and oakum count for nothing, and the ship has got to go. We can only pump her until the sea falls off a bit, and then take to the boats."

Leon was unwilling to accept this dismal report, so he went below to see for himself. When he came back he argued no more, and did not urge Ruy to lose time with the inflow.

"To work!" he said steadily. "One man must cook a good meal for us, and two must see to provisioning the boat. Of course we shall need but one. We want abundant food and clothing, and—but I will oversee that work."

"It shall be my task to prepare breakfast," quietly added the Count. "I begin at once."

Plainly, it was not his first attempt. Half an hour later they all ate well, and in due time the boat was provisioned. During this time the water had gained upon them dangerously, so they worked the pumps an hour. After that Gil and Ruy cast themselves down for a brief sleep. No fagged-out men were wanted in the boat, and it seemed possible to lower it before the Senorita sank.

It was mid-forenoon when the boat was swung outboard and successfully lowered. By that time the wind had nearly died away, though the sea ran high and had danger in its clutch. The Senorita was setting so deep that it was less difficult to leave the deck, and after skillful management on the part of the sailors, all was successfully done. Oars were used for a while and a safe distance put between the boat and the heavily rolling ship.

Gil and Ruy would have favored the old custom of waiting to see the ship go down, but Naratava protested.

"I have seen many happy hours on board," he remarked quietly, "and I had rather think of her afloat than going to her grave like a drowning man. I pray you, let us get away."

His wish was respected, and the reserve spar brought along for a mast was stepped and the sail hoisted. It filled promptly and they were under way. Leon busied himself with making Inez comfortable, and, at the same time, gazed with satisfaction at their abundant store of food, water and other necessaries.

Destiny was busy with the party, however, and they were not to remain long in the boat. Although the day was now bright and clear they quickly ran beyond sight of the Senorita. An hour after the ever-alert Gil Yanez suddenly rose to his feet, shaded his eyes from the sun and then grew excited.

"A sail!" he cried. "Ay, and two of them—what! there are three! By the beard of Neptune! it must be Columbus' fleet!"

His mood was contagious, and while the boat was headed for the caravels and Ruy Paulo swung a flag they had brought along the others fell to talking.

"I am consoled for the loss of my vessel," said the Count, smiling bravely. "It has been my worst trial, Senorita Inez, to think that you must suffer further. Rather than that I would lose my right hand!"

Leon's animation fell away. He remembered Naratava's late enthusiastic praise of Inez. Then he had thought that he had a rival in the nobleman, and a powerful one. Once with Columbus they would be rivals still, and what chance would he have with one of Naratava's rank?

"Welcome the caravels," pursued the Count. "Ay, senorita, and I shall be glad to meet your father."

Leon started. Inez's father was the man Naratava had sworn to be avenged upon. What would happen when they were together in the same ship? Presently he remembered his own relentless, secret foe in the Santa Maria, and it was clear that the coming back to the ship would let loose strange and deadly elements.

There was never any question whether the shipwrecked party would be seen. Their position and the course of the caravels made discovery unavoidable. The sail still drew bravely, the boat flashed along swiftly, and in time the waving flag was seen. There was commotion aboard the Santa Maria, and sail was immediately shortened. She was brought to at the proper point, and they ran down to board her. Drawing near they heard a sudden cheer in the ship.

Inez had been seen and recognized. Columbus, himself, stood by the lee bulwark, smiling sympathetically. The maiden stretched out her hands. She had seen somebody else.

"Father!—my father!" she cried, between smiles and tears.

Leon drew his breath quickly. In the excitement she forgot the Count and his enmity. The boat ran under the counter of the caravel, and, as Don Enrique leaned forward, he and Naratava looked into each other's eyes. What would happen next?

CHAPTER XV.

NEW TROUBLE APPEARS.

There was zeal on deck, and the Count of Naratava was equally active below, so Inez was promptly handed up the ladder and so to the firm planks of the Santa Maria. The Count would have remained until all others were up, but Gil Yanez and Ruy Paulo asserted their rights as mariners and were the last to leave the boat, which was presently hoisted and saved from the sea.

Leon, gaining the deck, saw a peculiar scene. Don Enrique was in a swoon, supported by Don Roderigo, and Inez and Nara[illegible] were bending over him so[illegible]usly. Leon knew why he had fainted, for he had seen the look of horror that came into his face as he noticed the nobleman. Knowing Naratava by sight, he had collapsed at sight of his avowed enemy.

A swift glance at the Count's face told Leon that he had no suspicion as yet, and as Inez was deeply flustered the young man took charge of proceedings.

"Your return in safety, senorita, has overwhelmed your parent with emotion," he said. "Joy is often as much of a shock as sorrow. He believed you dead but you live. Pray let us get the enfeebled gentleman below where you can care for him. He should see no face but yours when he returns to consciousness."

The maiden sent a glance that told of understanding and gratitude.

"It must be so," she returned.

"Would that I were a doctor!" cried Naratava. "I have but to see this kind, ancient face to feel interested in Don Rafelo, and my ardor to share in care of him is great, but I will yield to those who belong in this ship. Poor gentleman!"

Leon's spirits rose. After all, this Naratava, with his fine instincts, could no doubt be led to act with mercy. But, even while he thought thus, the Count turned and spoke to him in an aside.

"For his sake, and for his daughter's, I intend to stand a friend. I have but one stronger passion in life, and that is to hang the man who plotted against me—namely, Don Enrique de Zarate."

Leon's hopes fell low.

Columbus had welcomed all with courtesy and with delight that stirred him temporarily out of his habitual gravity, and while he summoned men to bear the invalid below he also repeated his welcome to Leon, pressing his hand warmly. Then he gave attention to the Count. He was of higher station than any of the admiral's adventurers, and it was much to have him in the Santa Maria. Although not of royal blood, he was one whose birth was so exalted that he was a chosen intimate of Ferdinand and Isabella.

The two went to the poop-deck and entered into conversation.

Leon accompanied Inez until her father was safely stowed in his berth, and then, leaving her to arrange matters there, he returned to the deck. He was at once pounced upon by Roderigo and other friends. They wanted his story, but he was eager for news in their quarter. How chanced it that the Pinta, formerly missing, was once more with the fleet?

"It seems," explained Roderigo, "that Captain Pinzon lost valuable papers overboard, and that a boat was lowered to recover them. Ah, the folly of Pinzon!—he allowed Donna Inez to go in the boat. Worse yet, the boat was lost in the fog, and then the Pinta tried to locate it again. Captain Pinzon heard the gun we fired from the Santa Maria, to summon him, but they were so wrought up and busy that they did not fire in answer. Mischief came of it, for, as you know, the fog still clung to the sea, and the Pinta was separated from us. It was not until you disappeared that we sighted that wayward Pinta, after which the fleet was reunited. But yourself, Don Leon, yourself!—you went strangely from this ship. How, amigo, how? Tell us the tale with haste. I burn for particulars!"

Leon looked about him. It happened that nobody was hard by save those he could trust, and he did not refuse.

"To give the heads of it, let me number. First, I drank of wine in the cabin below. Secondly, I retired to my berth and fell asleep. Thirdly, I awakened to find myself struggling in the water. Clearly, I was drugged and cast overboard——"

"Details, Don Leon, details! You go too fast."

The young man complied and Roderigo heard his full adventure. Hearing, he grew extremely grave and often shook his head or impetuously interrupted. When all was told he broke forth hotly.

"'Twas a foul deed, and not the work of any forecastle hands. The blow came from wretches who live aft. They drugged you, and then lifted you and flung you to what they believed was a watery grave. Your life has once more been attempted. Surely, amigo, you have deadly foes in the Santa Maria."

Leon's gaze wandered to where Don Alonzo and his boon friend, Crispo Padilla, stood leaning carelessly over the taffrail.

"It is the mystery of it, the lack of visible motive that dwells most keenly in my mind. Why am I thus assailed?"

"Are you sure you have no love affair?" asked Pedro Gutierrez.

"I am positive that was not the motive. No maid in Spain has my affections."

"Then 'tis a matter of money. Every trouble in the world comes from either love or gold."

Leon shook his head. He could not yet see the motive.

"You have previously stated," pursued Roderigo, "that you are sure you never met Alonzo or Crispo formerly?"

"I am sure."

"Then why—why—why has your life been so persistently attempted?"

More was said, but nothing came of it, and when it was done and Leon took up his old rounds again he had the fact with him that he must be ever watchful or calamity would come. And he was hemmed in the little caravel with unknown foes.

Meantime, the fleet was sailing west, taking him farther from home and into the unknown seas.

Columbus had evidently enjoyed his talk with the Count, but he saw that Naratava was heavy for want of sleep, so he conducted him from the poop-deck. He was just in time to have part in a new diversion. As it had been decided to preserve the boat in which the castaways had come it had been hoisted without overhauling, but the mate in charge had since seen to that. All the stores Leon and his companions had boated were removed, together with the extra clothing and other things.

While this was being done Don Garcia Gallegos, one of the gentleman adventurers, hung close by and watched. It impressed him that this collection had been set apart for those who might possibly suffer long and shockingly afloat, and though they were saved he felt interested. Something else, however, came of it. As the sailors cast forth sundry garments a bit of parchment floated away and fell at Garcia's feet, unseen by any one else. He picked it up, saw writing, and quickly grew absorbed. He read, and then hastily thrust the parchment into his pocket, anxious to conceal it. This done he walked to and fro for some time, meditating with bent brows and gloomy face. He was a well-meaning man and averse to doing harm, and he was now in a dilemma.

As he made one of his thoughtful turns he unexpectedly came face to face with Columbus. Previously undecided, he took a sudden resolution then and whipped out the paper.

"Lord Admiral," he said uneasily, "this was in yonder boat. It dropped by my side without others seeing it. The matter of it puts me at fault. May I ask you, senor, to read and take all responsibility?"

Columbus took the parchment, read, started, went on to the end and then fixed his eyes upon Garcia. He seemed worried and at fault.

"How do you say this came to you?" he asked.

Garcia repeated his story.

"Have you read it?"

"Ay, my admiral."

"It is a letter signed by Basselo, the pirate, directing one of his fellows to sail with me and ruin my enterprise."

"Ay, my admiral."

"And who," inquired a new speaker eagerly, "is that man who has sailed as aforesaid?" Columbus, hearing, looked and saw Leon. Silently he handed over the parchment and Leon read carefully. Then he flushed deeply.

"Why," he exclaimed, "the traitor—the traitor—the name given here is my name!"

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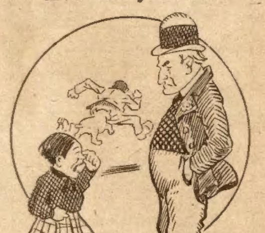
Involuntary Theft.



The Man—What's the matter, little one?

The Kid—Zat man's wunnin' off wis my dog.

Song and the Lady.

It was after the performance, and Miss Nora Bayes and her husband, Jack Norworth had gone across to the Knickerbocker for a bite.

"Near our table," explained Miss Bayes, "sat an extremely handsome dowager with snow-white hair and the manners of a grand dame of the old school. The old lady was particularly interested in the music and when they played my song—excuse these tears— which I sang in the 'Jolly Bachelors,' she asked her waiter to find out what the name of it was.

"The waiter vanished across the room. The minute the orchestra stopped playing he hurried over to the leader. The old lady was absentmindedly studying her menu. Presently the waiter returned and beamingly bent over her. There was a pause just then in the conversation. And audibly, in a deep bass voice we heard the waiter say:

"'What Am I Going to Do to Make You Love Me?' And you should have seen the heads of the supper crowd turn in that direction!

"Well, the old lady came dangerously near having a fit right then and there. She half rose from her chair in righteous indignation, and we heard her say: 'Beast!' Fortunately, the waiter was able to explain that he wasn't trying to make love, but only giving her the name of the song."

Many a politician who wasn't in politics for his health has been known to leave the country for his health.

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Her Little Jest.

The man who goes about selling those little Swiss clocks stopped at the wayside cottage.

"Lady," he said politely, "let me sell you one of these tiny timepieces. They are very simple and even the works are of wood."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the humorous housewife, with a merry twinkle in her eye. "I should imagine those clocks would be dangerous to have around in the summer."

"Dangerous in the summer? Why so, ma'am?"

"Why, on account of the wood ticks."

Just Their Style.

Chaperon—I am surprised that you girls should like that young man.

Myrtilla—Why, auntie, what is wrong with him?

Chaperon—Well, he has such a fresh air about him.

Myrtilla—Oh, but we are fresh-air fiends.

He Knew.

"Look here," said one of the jurymen, after they had retired, "if I understand aright, the plaintiff doesn't ask damages for blighted affections or anything of that sort, but only wants to get back what he spent on presents, pleasure trips, and so forth."

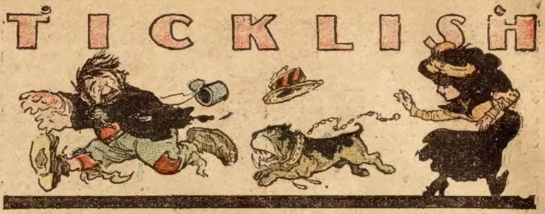
"That is so," agreed the foreman.

"Well, then, I vote we don't give him a penny," said the other hastily. "If all the fun he had with that girl didn't cover the amount expended, it must be his own fault. Gentlemen, I courted that girl once myself."

Much the Same.

"But," protested the Englishman, "you have no family trees in your country."

"True," rejoined the plain American, "but we have a lot of measly underbrush, which is quite as much in the way and just as detrimental to the scenery."



A Different Profession.

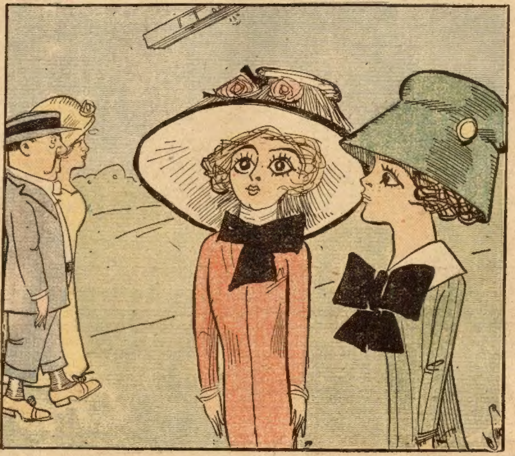
First Crook—Say, haven't you two brothers—both gamblers?

Second Crook—I have two brothers, but only one is a gambler.

First Crook—I thought the other one was, too.

Second Crook—No, he never takes any chances of getting mixed up with the police. He's a burglar.

A DAUGHTER OF EVE.



"Elly, give me some advice. I'm going to study music, and I don't know whether to take violin or piano lessons."

"Well, it depends on whether you look better sitting down or standing up."

Mud Flats.

"Yes," said the Chicago man, who had been down the Mississippi, "you have some fine swimming holes around St. Louis."

"Then you took a dip?" spoke up the St. Louis man. "And what did you do after enjoying a good swim in the broad Mississippi?"

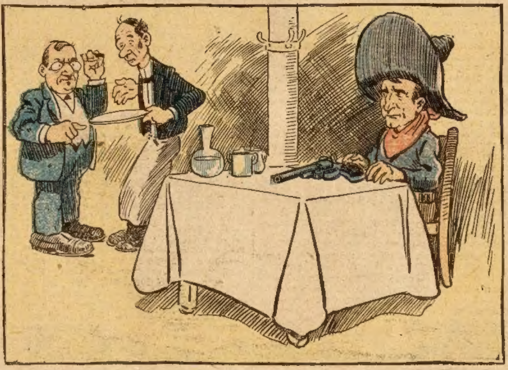
"I went home and took a bath."

A Useful Chauffeur.

"Have you ever been convicted of any crime?" he was asked when he appeared for jury duty.

"No, sir," he proudly replied. "My chauffeur always assumes the responsibility when we kill anybody."

POTENTIAL.



Proprietor—Sam, what do you mean by bringing that gentleman from Arizona scambled eggs every time he orders a plain fry?

Waiter—Can't help it, boss! Every time he puts his hand on his gun I begin to shake and the eggs just scramble themselves.

Gold Mines.

"Buy my book on cattle raising," insisted the talkative agent. "Run-down cows don't pay these days."

But the farmer smiled a wise smile.

"Sometimes they do, stranger."

"You really think so?"

"Yes. I had an old skinny critter that was run down by a city automobile last week an' I got 200 plunks, by gum!"

Where Cost Doesn't Count.

"I hear you are going to quit the grocery business," said the customer. "Is it true?"

"It is," answered the grocer. "I'm tired of hearing men complain about high prices and growl about the expense of living."

"What are you going to do?" queried the customer.

"I'm going to start a saloon," answered the grocer.

"NO FRILLS"
Just Sensible Food Cured Him.

Sometimes a good, healthy commercial traveler suffers from poorly selected food and is lucky if he learns that Grape-Nuts food will put him right.

A Cincinnati traveler says: "About a year ago my stomach got in a bad way. I had a headache most of the time and suffered misery. For several months I ran down until I lost about 70 pounds in weight and finally had to give up a good position and go home. Any food that I might use seemed to nauseate me.

"My wife, hardly knowing what to do, one day brought home a package of Grape-Nuts food and coaxed me to try it. I told her it was no use, but finally to humor her I tried a little and they just struck my taste. It was the first food that I had eaten in nearly a year that did not cause any suffering.

"Well, to make a long story short, I began to improve and stuck to Grape-Nuts. I went up from 135 pounds in December to 194 pounds the following October.

"My brain is clear, blood all right and appetite too much for any man's pocketbook. In fact, I am thoroughly made over and owe it all to Grape-Nuts. I talk so much about what Grape-Nuts will do that some of the men on the road have nicknamed me 'Grape-Nuts,' but I stand today a healthy, rosy-cheeked man—a pretty good example of what the right kind of food will do.

"You can publish this if you want to. It is a true statement without any frills."

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

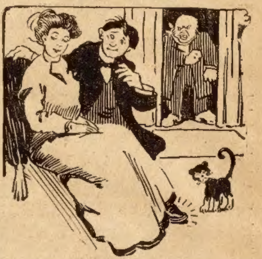
Business Is Business.

Proprietor—Did that man who just went out buy one of our misfit suits?

New Clerk—No, sir. We're entirely out of them.

Proprietor—Well, have a lot more made up at once and see that you don't let the stock run down this way again.

Vociferous.



Littlebrane—Does your father speak highly of me?

Miss Scadzaletz—Oh, dear, yes; that's how father strained his voice.

Touchy Ruralite.

"Why is that rude farm boy chasing my son?" demanded the irate city man in the big red car.

"Because your son asked him if he needed any assistance," replied the hired man with the pitchfork.

"But that is no offense. His buggy has broken down."

"Yes, but at that time he was kissing his best gal."

"Doctors of the Masses"
is what one writer has termed proprietary medicines.

Good, honest proprietary medicines like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound succeed, and the homes of the masses are blessed by them, while those which are worthless or harmful soon drop out. Thirty years of success in curing female ills is the record of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Out of the Picture.

"How pleasant it must be to sit before a blazing fire while the wind vainly rages outside."

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel, "I 'spose it would be right pleasant."

"Why, you ought to know. You live in the country."

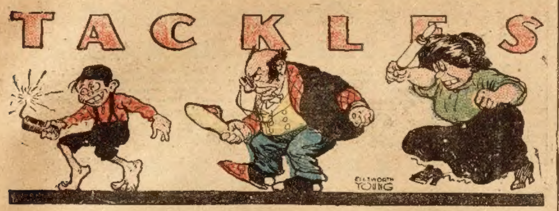
"Yes, but I ain't the fellow that sits by the fire. I'm the feller that fetches in the wood."

Light Literature.

Giles—There goes a chap who does a lot of reading—in fact, he spends most of his time at it.

Miles—He must enjoy it.

Giles—On the contrary, I don't think he gets any enjoyment out of it—but he needs the money. He reads meters for the gas company.



Had Some Knowledge of Them.

"Do you know anything about the 'Lays of Ancient Rome'?" asked the intellectual boarder, as he looked up from the volume of Macaulay's poems which he had drawn from the Carnegie library.

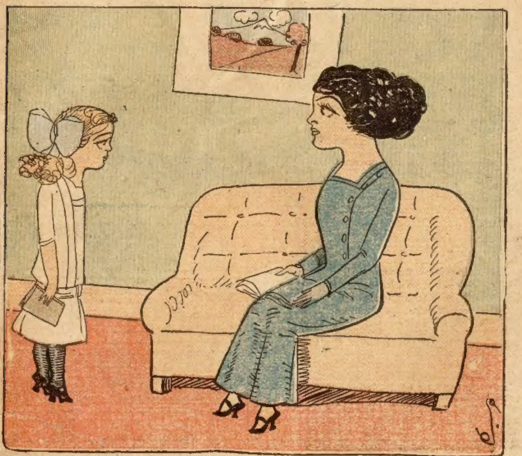
"I know a little," replied the boarder with the incorrectly adjusted four-in-hand green necktie. "Wasn't the eggs we had yesterday some of them lays?"

Limited Knowledge.

"Do you believe that great wealth has a tendency to keep a man out of heaven?" queried the party who was addicted to the conundrum habit.

"I am not prepared to express an opinion on that subject," answered the student of human nature, "but I know that great wealth has kept many a man out of the penitentiary."

NATURAL HISTORY.



Teacher—Marjorie, what animal is satisfied with the least nourishment?
Margie (after much hesitation)—The moth.
Teacher (surprised)—Why, Marjorie?
Margie—Because it eats nothing but holes!

The Eagle Screams.

American Official (in China)—This interfering with American residents must stop.

Chinese Official—Huh! Whatee Melican Glovernment do b'out it?

"Hark! Do you hear that terrible rumble?"

"Thatee earthquake. We havee many."

"Do you know, sir, what causes earthquakes?"

"Me no sabe."

"It's the American Government testing its new big guns at Sandy Hook."

To WOMEN who DREAD MOTHERHOOD

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

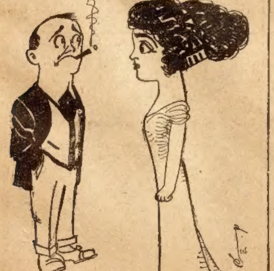
No woman need any longer dread the pains of childbirth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at childbirth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, 200 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

Too Much Talk.

Pretty Maid—Lots of college girls are athletes these days. Quite a few of them can chin the bar.

Crusty Bachelor—H'm! I'd rather see some that could bar the chin.

Both.



Wife (bitterly)—You deceived me when you married me.
"I did more than that; I deceived myself."

Only Alternative.

It was in the prohibition belt.

"I hear the water in this town is very bad," remarked the hardware drummer. "What do you do?"

"Well," answered the native with the auburned nose, "most of us patronize the drug store."

A Sleek Rogue.

"So he said I was a polished gentleman, did he?"

"Well, yes; it was the same thing."

"Ah! What were the exact words?"

"He said you were a slippery fellow!"

A Book Lover.

The old parson was endeavoring to do a little missionary work behind the big stone walls.

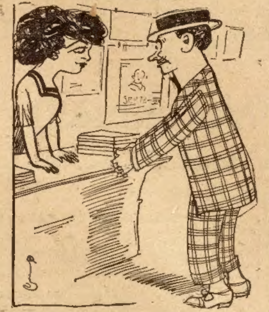
"What brought you here, my son?" he queried of an inmate.

"I am here, sir, because of my fondness for books," answered No. 2323.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the good man in surprise. "What kind of books, may I ask?"

"Pocket books," briefly answered the other.

Two Lunatics.



"Miss Wally, I love you madly."
"That's what your friend Daemler just told me."
"Well, but I'm much crazier than he is."

A Bad Example.

Mrs. Gotham—I just wish this parachute business would stop.

Mr. Gotham—Are you afraid the daring fellows who jump from balloons will get hurt?

Mrs. Gotham—No; but if the thing keeps on, it will become so common that the elevated railroads will be wanting to save the wear and tear of stopping trains by compelling passengers to carry umbrellas and jump off.

The Old Man's Hint.

Materfamilias (11 p. m.)—What's the matter? You look distressed.

Paterfamilias—I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right in the room, and, giving both our daughter and him a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas.

"Mercy! Didn't he get angry?"

"No; he said 'Thank you.'"

Matrimonial Trials.

The Lady—You have been recommended to me as an experienced divorce lawyer.

The Attorney—I am at your service, madam. What grounds have you for divorce?

The Lady—Oh, I got a divorce six months ago. What I want is a lawyer who will get my alimony away from the lawyer who got my divorce.

A Welcome Relief.

Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we will all be dead!

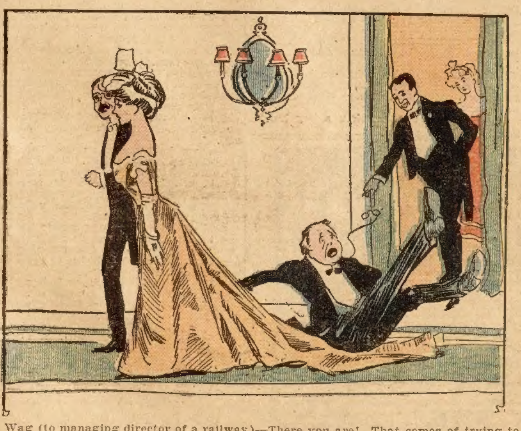
Seasick Passenger—Thank Heaven!

An Extended Examination.

He—Are you sure I am the only man you ever really and truly loved?

She—Perfectly sure. I went over the whole list only yesterday.

AGAINST REGULATIONS.



Wag (to managing director of a railway)—There you are! That comes of trying to get on a train in motion.

Stopped the Confab.

The honeymoon had disappeared behind a domestic cloud.

"Was there any fool in love with you before I married you?" he demanded, angrily.

"Yes, one," she answered.

"Well," he snapped, "I'm sorry you rejected him."

"But I didn't reject him," she rejoined. "He married me."

Self-Preservation.

"Well, I like your nerve!" exclaimed the astonished millionaire. "Here you want to marry my daughter, and I understand you are being supported by your father."

"Yes, that's a fact," was the candid reply of the young man. "But father says he's getting tired of supporting me, so I made up my mind to get into another family."

AGENTS WANTED

Rider Agents Wanted in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1911 bicycle. *Write for Special Offer.* Finest Guaranteed 1911 Models **$10 to $27** with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires. 1909 & 1910 Models all of best makes **$7 to $12** **100 Second-Hand Wheels** *All makes and models, good as new*............... **$3 to $8** Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE We **Ship on Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow **TEN DAY'S FREE TRIAL.** TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, sundries, *half usual prices.* **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.* MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. A53 Chicago

AGENTS, CREDIT, Perfumes, Flavors, etc. Big profits. Express Paid. **Terms Free.** HERBENE AGENCY CO., Box 282, Sta'n L, New York

AGENTS Sell our goods to merchants. Something new. 500% profit; quick sales; samples free. HAWK SPECIALTY CO., Dept. D, Des Moines, Iowa

AGENTS WANTED to sell pocket knives with name and photo on handle; write for terms. Morris Cutlery Co., Morris, Ill., P.O.Box A

AGENTS: 100% PROFIT. Monkey-Wrench Plumbers Plyers, with 13 other tools combined. Most wonderful combination of tools ever made. Lightning seller. Sample free for examination. Forshee Co., B.1209, Dayton, O.

TOBACCO FACTORY WANTS SALESMEN. Good Pay, Steady Work and Promotion. Experience unnecessary as we give Complete Instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., Bx.A14, Danville, Va.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c. Sheet Pictures 1c, Stereoscopes 25c, Views 1c. Thirty Days' Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4156, 1027 W. Adams St., CHICAGO

TOWN LOTS FREE! Given away as an advertisement. Greatest opportunity you ever heard of. Put your name in the free drawing and get a lot without conditions or obligations. For particulars address W. SAVELL, Box 63, ATHENS, Georgia

AGENTS WANTED. Make $10 to $20 per day selling Solar Self-Heating Flat Irons. Best agents' proposition out. Sells everywhere. Complete Demonstrator $5.00. Write today. CHICAGO SOLAR LIGHT CO., 106 S. Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill.

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1646 Detroit, Mich.

GREAT MONEY MAKER FOR AGENTS PROF. LONG'S MAGNETIC COMB Sell Magnetic Combs and get rich; agents wild with success. They remove dandruff, stop falling hair; RELIEVE HEADACHE, never break. Send 2c stamp for sample. PROF. LONG, 914 Ash St., PEKIN, ILL.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to make $20 per week and $3 per day expenses advertising our goods, posting up show cards in all conspicuous places and generally representing us. Steady work to right men. No experience required. Write for particulars.
Royal Remedy Co., London, Ont., Canada.

AGENT in each county to sell our Aluminum Coffee Maker for 25c. 500 other good sellers. Write quick for territory. Samples free. Freight and express allowances. $100 to $200 per month now being made by Phillips Agents. Proposition free. One of the largest agency supply houses in America. THE PHILLIPS CO. E. Phillips Building, Dayton, Ohio.
Sample Extractor Prepaid Fifteen Cents

AGENTS The Light That Never Fails will produce better light than any other artificial lighting device. Special inducements and territory to right party. We want a good man in every city and village in the world. For full particulars address Dept. 10,
NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS.
216-220 S. Jefferson Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENTS Act Quick Latest improved cooking, preserving, steaming, and draining kettle. Best enameled kettle in the world. 4 KETTLES COMBINED IN ONE. Great seller during summer and fall months. A rare chance for energetic men and women. Low in price. Splendid profits. Sample free to workers.
THOMAS MFG. COMPANY
1717 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio.

MAKE MONEY EASY. Agents wanted in every county to sell the popular Novelty Knives, with name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., on handle. Send stamp for catalog. **AGENTS EARN $75 to $300 A MONTH.** (We show you how.) Big profits—quick sales—exclusive territory. Write quick for our liberal money making special offer to agents. Our new self-sharpening scissors are the quickest sellers for lady agents. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 23 BAR STREET., CANTON, O.

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Boys and Girls Corner

Rodney the Watchmaker;

Or, The Minute Boys of Liberty

By T. C. Harbaugh

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Begun in No. 34, Aug. 20. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be obtained from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

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CHAPTER X.

OUTWITTING THE RED-COATS.

FOR a few moments the smoke that followed the volley which the Minute Boys of Liberty poured into the faces of their pursuers obscured everything. The young occupants of the whaleboat leaned forward with anxiety depicted on their faces. Had they halted the enemy?

The consternation of the red-coats was startling. Cries arose from the nearest boat and men were seen held up by their comrades, showing that some of the balls had gone true to the targets.

Captain South, the escaping captive, was the coolest man in the fleeing craft.

"Now row for life!" cried he. "Please heaven, we shall escape these dogs. We have given the red-coats a taste of Yankee powder and now's the time to put in our best licks."

The strong arms of the boys sent the boat flying through the water.

With loud cries the British followed. Suddenly a flash of fire leaped from their weapons and the leaden missiles spun over the boys' heads.

"Look at the third boat," suddenly called out Tom Clover.

Sure enough this craft was bearing down upon them with the ferocity of fate. It was so near that the boys could make out the faces of their pursuers.

On it came straight towards the whaleboat and the boys made ready to sell their lives dearly.

"Take the Rebels alive if possible!" rang out a stentorian voice in the pursuing boat. "Surrender, you rascally traitors!"

"Never, sir!" responded Captain South, backed by Rodney and his companions.

A sudden spurt brought the British almost against the American boat and the boys prepared to send a volley right into the faces of their enemies.

At this moment the King's people struck some obstruction in the channel and the boat careened.

The occupants scrambled in every direction much to the amusement of our friends.

"On! On!" shouted Rodney.

Once more the oars were plied with agility and the boat shot away from the foe.

A volley again burst into their faces. Tom fell back into the boat with a cry. A ball had struck his arm.

"It's not much," he said to Rodney, with a smile. "Just a little thing," and he once more resumed the oar.

Fortune now seemed to favor the American boys and the distance between them and their pursuers widened.

"Hurrah!" cried Dallas. "We shall beat them yet."

All the time in the stern of the boat stood Captain South like a statue. His face was pale and his eye did not for a moment lose sight of the enemy.

"A few more strokes, my lads, and we are safe!" cried he.

The opposite shore of the Delaware loomed up between them and the stars and they redoubled their efforts.

At last the boat grounded on the beach and the boys rose to their feet.

In the dim distance were observed the forms of the other boats, but the shore of freedom had been reached.

Where were the friends who were to meet the fugitive Captain upon his arrival? Had they failed to come to the rendezvous?

"Push forward, my hearties," came across the water in loud tones. "They shall not escape us."

At that moment a number of figures were seen on the shore and the voice of the Captain of the Cow Chasers was heard.

"Stand for the foe!" he exclaimed and the next moment a volley was sent into the teeth of the British.

This so disconcerted them that the three boats halted whilst the young patriots hustled ashore to be received by the Cow Chasers with demonstrations of delight.

There was a horse for Captain South and he was soon mounted.

"What will become of you, my brave boys?" he asked, looking down into the faces of his young and gallant rescuers.

"Fear not for us," answered Rodney May. "We'll get back to the old nest by a circuitous route and best the red-coats."

"I hope so. You deserve well of your country."

"We are willing to take any risk in the cause of liberty. Good-by, Captain."

The late prisoner waved them an adieu and the next moment the boys saw the cavalcade disappear.

Seeing that the game had slipped through their hands the British filled the air with curses and drew off. In another moment the boats were putting back to the city.

The boys waited till midnight when they once more embarked and the whaleboat dropped down stream. The night was now dark for heavy clouds obscured the heavens and the stars had been blotted out. The boys at last reached a point from which they pulled towards the opposite shore.

They doubted not that the foe would guard the piers looking for their return, but they resolved to deceive him if possible. That danger lay in the city they well knew, but they determined to show General Howe's men that Yankee ingenuity was equal to the occasion.

It was early in the morning and before the break of day when the boat reached the Philadelphia side and the boys one by one scrambled out.

Not a guard was in sight.

They had touched at an unused pier and one which seemed to have escaped the vigilance of the enemy.

"We've got to scatter now," said Rodney in low tones. "We have come back into the lion's den and the utmost caution is necessary."

"Yes," replied Timothy. "We must look out for Captain Cunningham and his minions."

Instead of going to their own homes the Minute Boys of Liberty sought other places and were soon asleep after their exciting adventure.

It was seven o'clock when a boy halted in front of a building upon the wall of which a bill poster was attaching a proclamation. The man at work did not perceive the lad.

When he had posted his document the boy drew closer and read as follows:

"25 POUNDS REWARD."

"The above amount in good and lawful currency will be paid for the apprehension of five young Rebels who but last night assisted in the escape of one Captain South of the Rebel force. These boys whose names are to be found at the bottom of this proclamation are hereby stamped as enemies of the King and must be discovered. Rebellion in North America shall be put down at all hazards. Any person knowing the whereabouts of any or all of the young persons herein mentioned is commanded to inform the proper authorities, and any one who shall in any way aid or harbor them shall be punished as traitors by military law. The names of the young Rebels are: Masters Rodney May, Thomas Clover, Dallas Caven, Reuben Slack and Timothy White.

By order of

"GENERAL HOWE,

"Commanding."

Seeing that the boy was interested in the proclamation the bill poster turned upon him and looked him in the eye.

"Don't you think, boy," said he, "that things have come to a pretty pass when the King's general is obliged to issue a proclamation like that?"

"What do you think?" was the retort.

The bill poster for a moment seemed to be nonplused.

"Well, sir, it tells me that we've some pretty sharp youngsters in Philadelphia."

"It certainly looks that way. How did the boys get the Rebel captain out of the city?"

"Oh, sir, it's on every tongue, and therefore no great secret. They took him across the river in the teeth of the red-coats. The boys had a small cannon on board and they fired into the faces of their pursuers, wounding some half a dozen. It must have been a hard fight on the water. I've had a good smile over the whole thing. It has aroused the town. The British don't like to hear of the matter and I don't blame them, for it doesn't speak well for their bravery to let five boys get the best of them."

The man picked up his paste-bucket and tramped off, leaving the boy staring at the paper on the wall.

Presently the lad walked off with a smile on his face, for it was Rodney May himself.

"So we had a cannon on board," he chuckled as he walked off. "That's news to me. But it's just like the enemy to enlarge upon every incident that brings about their defeat. We'll see what General Howe's notice accomplishes," and he whistled as he went down the street.

As he turned a certain corner he almost ran into a group of people reading one of the proclamations. It was a motley crowd and Rodney paused to listen to some of the comments.

"I hope they'll catch and hang every mother's son of 'em," screeched a voice and Rodney beheld Mother Hawks who had just put in an appearance. The old hag wore a red handkerchief about her head which did not add to her looks, and he noticed that her scrawny hands were clenched in anger.

"That's right, mother," said one of the men. "Give it to the young Rebels."

"I know where all of them nest," she continued. "I know the whole rascally outfit."

"Then why don't you go after the reward?"

"Maybe I will, maybe I will, sir. One o' them had the audacity to lay hands on me not long ago and I intend to pay him back by handing him over to the King's troops."

With this she slouched off with blazing eyes, passing so close to Rodney that he could have touched her.

Secure in the disguise he had assumed, the youth left the spot and turned into the market.

All at once a hand touched his arm. Turning he beheld a well dressed young girl who was accompanied by a maid with a basket.

It was Priscilla Gale, the old Tory's daughter.

"Be careful," was whispered into Rodney's

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Get the Most of the Best for Your Money

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Mellow Springs Whiskey is a pure, Straight Whiskey of full strength and exquisite flavor—not a cheap, firery blend, compound or mixture, so often sold as "whiskey."

We guarantee it, and you are at liberty to drink a full quart if necessary to test it. If you don't consider it the greatest whiskey bargain you ever had, return unused portion and we will instantly refund your money.

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Cured by ANTI-FLAMMA. Stops that awful itching. Relieves soreness and cures while you work. Send for FREE SAMPLE and describe case. Bayles Co., 424 East Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

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I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it.
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The Pipe They Let You Smoke At Home
Looks and colors like meerschaum. Absorbs the nicotine and keeps on tasting sweet. You never had such an enjoyable smoke.
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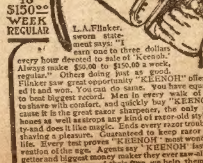

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ear. "You boys have stirred up the whole city."

The next moment she was lost in the crowd though Rodney tried to follow her with his eyes.

"They'll get them yet," exclaimed an entirely different voice at his elbow. "I've got my own peepers open, friend, for they played me a scurvy trick last night. Just wait till I lay my hands on the young rapscallions."

Rodney almost started for he was looking into the face of Peter Peeps, the spy, and he wondered how he had escaped from the chair in which he had been fastened.

"It's getting a little too hot here," he said and cautiously slipped away.

CHAPTER XI.

RANK TREASON.

The following night Peter Peeps might have been seen to enter the jeweler's shop in Chestnut Street a few moments before closing. He was received by Master Joram who knew him quite well.

"It's outrageous!" cried Peter as he took a seat in the little back room and accepted a pipe which the old man extended.

"What is it, friend Peeps?"

"The audacity of these young Rebels, sir. And to think, Master Joram, that your young 'prentice is at the head of the gang."

The jeweler smiled.

"Rebel or no, I'm sorry to lose him," was the reply. "He was one of the best watchmakers in the city."

"But a Rebel spy at the same time!" cried Peter.

"It seems so. I did not even suspect him."

"Of course not. It wasn't your fault, but just wait till Captain Cunningham and I lay hands on him. Why, he's the young rascal who gave orders to have me bound to the chair when I was about to put an end to their treason."

"They must have been too sharp for you."

"Not too sharp, but too many," was the answer. "All five jumped upon me and belabored me with clubs till I had been clubbed into insensibility. It was infamous!"

Master Joram could not see any marks about Peter's face, therefore, knowing the man, he had some doubts about the clubbing.

"I'm on the trail now," continued the spy. "Of course they're all back in the city and their apprehension is but a question of time."

"It was a bold play."

"As bold as it was treasonable. Just think of five boys carrying off in the very teeth of our army a Rebel captain and shooting into a boat load of his Majesty's troops."

"I confess I never heard of anything just like it."

"Nor I. We've got to hang young Rebels as well as old ones. They all feather in the same nest. Why, my body aches yet from those terrible cords."

"I don't doubt it," said Master Joram. "Seems to me, Peter, you should have been more cautious."

"Who thought of being pounced upon by a whole passel of young lions? I was lying in the garden of the house where they were having their meeting and thought myself safe, but all at once I had the whole pack on my back and the rain of clubs was something which no man could ward off."

"Who dressed your wounds?" asked Joram.

Peter's [illegible] fell and he stammered some before he spoke again.

"Truth to tell, my clothes protected me somewhat," he said. "But it was terrible. I can't tell you how big those clubs were. I verily believe some were as thick as my wrist."

Suspecting from his manner that the jeweler did not more than half believe him Peter took his leave.

"He was caught, no doubt," said the jeweler to himself when he had let his visitor out. "But Master Peeps is not the most truthful person in the world and I doubt not that he deserved every blow he got."

Half an hour later the spy lifted the gilded knocker on Isaac Gale's door and was admitted by a maid.

"Is Master Gale in?" asked Peter.

"Not now, but Mistress Priscilla is."

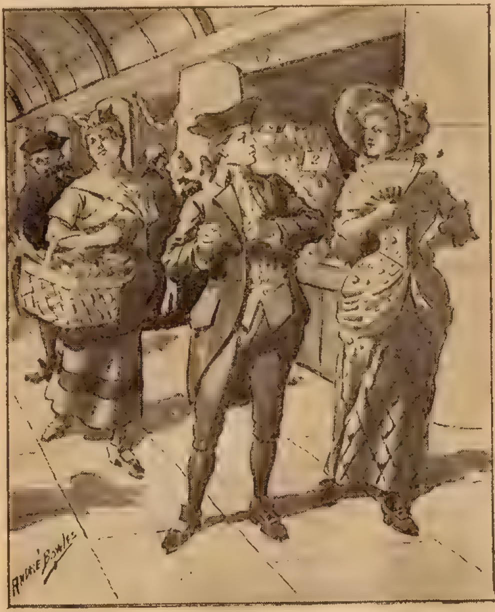
"Oh, then I'll wait in the parlor. Please show me to it."

The girl complied and in a few moments Peter was ensconsed in a splendid chair in one of the most luxurious parlors in Philadelphia. He looked entirely out of place there.

Presently the door opened and Miss Priscilla came in.

She was dressed in white with a rose in her corsage and looked the picture of beauty.

Peter was not aware of the girl's sentiments, but took it for granted that since her father was a Tory, she was also for the King. He rose and executed a ludicrous bow.



"Be careful!"

The young girl took a chair and one of her jeweled hands fell lightly over the polished arm.

"You are Master Peeps, are you not?" she said in captivating tones.

"Aha. I see you know me!" exclaimed Peter. "I am Peter Peeps, miss. I am quite well acquainted with your father, for he and I serve the most supreme monarch in all the world."

"Yes," said Priscilla, "I've heard father mention you on several occasions."

The spy rubbed his hands gleefully. To be known to such a beautiful young miss was indeed a very high honor.

"I suppose you heard the latest," began the spy. "The whole city is full of it."

"Do you mean last night's adventure?"

"Yes, the rescue of Captain South, the Rebel, by a passel o' boys who call themselves the Minute Boys of Liberty."

"I heard whisperings of such an event in market this morning. I went thither attended, as is my custom, by Prudence, my maid. The people seem to be excited over the affair."

"As well they may be. It's a disgrace to us all. I fell into the hands of the young tatterdemalions a few hours before the success of their plans. I was brutally maltreated—"

"You, Master Peeps? You don't tell me."

"It was outrageous. I was shamefully beaten by the whole lot. I am the king's servant. I have but lately returned from the camp of the Rebel Washington [illegible] I passed off as an old huckster woman. It's the best disguise I ever assumed. I hoodwinked the Rebels completely and none were better taken in than Washington himself."

"Aren't you afraid that your disguise may be penetrated some time?" asked the girl, putting all the sympathy she could into her voice.

"Not I. When the Rebels find me out they will be sharper than I am."

"I am sorry you were mistreated by the young Rebels last night," Priscilla continued.

"I'm weak yet over my experience."

Priscilla tapped on the table and the door opened. The face of Prudence, the maid, appeared.

"Prudence, bring in some wine for Master Peeps," commanded the old Tory's

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I know there are many other women who are discouraged about their husbands' or son's drinking habit, but they ought to cheer up right away and write to Mr. Woods at the above mentioned address. He is a fine man, a confidential letter writer and a true friend. Please publish this. Mrs. Sarah Mock.

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daughter. "He is weak from certain treatment he has recently received."

Peter smacked his lips and thought what a loyal girl Miss Priscilla was.

In a few moments the maid reappeared with a tray upon which stood a bottle of wine and two glasses.

"This is some of the best vintage in our cellar," she resumed as she filled the little goblets. "I think you will find the wine strengthening."

"Let's have a toast!" cried the spy, as he held his glass on high. "What shall it be, Miss Priscilla?"

"I leave that to you, Master Peeps."

"Then here goes. Here's to the success of the Kings armies and death to every Rebel'"

He gulped down his wine, but did not notice that the girl deftly poured the contents of her glass upon the thick carpet at her feet where it was lost in an instant.

"I feel better already," exclaimed Peter. "Your wine is wonderful, my dear girl. What an honor it is to have a daughter who can from her heart drink a toast like that '

Priscilla smiled but did not speak.

"I must retire for a few moments, "she said at last. "The wine is at your disposal."

Peter bowed as she passed out of the room and smacked his lips again.

In a few moments every drop of wine in the bottle was exhausted and the King's spy fell back in his chair in a dead slumber. Some minutes passed away.

All at once the door opened slowly. Miss Priscilla's head appeared and then she glided forward.

At sight of the unconscious man in the chair she paused and her face became wreathed in smiles.

A minute later she was bending over Peter and her hands were ransacking his pockets.

She drew forth several papers which she carried to the table where her bright eyes examined them. She discovered that they were secret documents which were soon to be delivered to some Tories near Washington's camp. They were very important papers and might injure the American cause.

Narrowly watching the drugged man the girl made copies of the papers, after which she restored the originals to the pockets of their owner. It was evident to her that Peter contemplated another spying expedition in order to deliver the papers.

Secreting the copies she had made in her bosom, Priscilla slipped out of the parlor and did not return for nearly an hour. When she came back she found her guest sitting upright and rubbing his forehead.

"I must have fallen asleep," said he. "To tell the truth, my dear, I am not used to such fine wine.'

"It does affect some people more than others," was the reply. "I expect papa before long."

Peter's headache seemed to vanish in the presence of the young girl. She went to the piano and played for him till he almost went to sleep again, this time from very entrancement, and at last Priscilla, bidding him good night, went away.

"By Jove!" cried Master Peeps, "that girl is worth her weight in gold. If I was only a little younger I'd set my cap for her."

If he had listened intently he might have heard a little laugh beyond the door and the receding of footfalls, for Priscilla was there and her fair face was again agleam with merriment as she mounted the broad stair to her chamber.

Peter began at last to grow impatient. What had become of Isaac Gale?

At last the door opened and Prudence came in.

"Mistress Priscilla," said she, "has just received a message from her father saying that he has been detained at General Howe's mansion on important business and may not be home till after midnight."

"Very well," said Peter, reaching for his hat. "I'll call again. You will tell him that I called?"

"Yes, sir."

At the door he stopped and looked at the pretty maid.

"You've got a beautiful mistress, girl," said he, enthusiastically. "She's fit to wed the Prince of Wales and what is more, she is loyal to the King."

"Thank you, sir. I shall take delight in telling Mistress Priscilla."

"Do," ejaculated Peter, "and take my compliments to her at the same time."

With this he was bowed out of the mansion with his head in a strange whirl. On the pavements he felt for his secret papers and found them still safe. Ah, if he had but known what had passed in the parlor of the Tory's house he would not have whistled so gaily as he went down the street with the wind in his face.

CHAPTER XII.

THE KING'S BLACKSMITH.

Well did the Minute Boys of Liberty know that their rescue of Captain South had made them marked personages. Their act was rank treason in the eyes of the King's generals and the whole city would be searched for them. The ingenuity of Captain Cunningham and Peter Peeps would be taxed to bring them to justice and they were in the very greatest danger.

Everywhere on the walls of buildings the proclamation offering a reward for their apprehension had been posted. They were subjects for discussion in the various coffee-houses and clubs frequented by British officers and there was but one opinion. The five young Rebels must be caught.

For two whole days after his escapade Rodney, the young watchmaker, did not leave his retreat.

On the third night, well disguised, he ventured out and found himself in a motley crowd that had assembled in front of Independence Hall. On a platform which had been erected for the occasion a man was talking loudly for the King and his cause

Rodney approached nearer to get a better view of the speaker for his voice had a familiar sound.

The speaker was Lemuel Blair, one of the greatest Tories in the city, a man who often harangued people from an elevated position and on this particular night he was more than usually vehement.

Every now and then the Tory was cheered to the echo, for his audience was largely Loyalists and a smile came over the young apprentice's face while he listened to the man.

"The city has recently been shamed by an episode which is the greatest treason I have ever heard of!" cried Master Blair. "I am almost ashamed to allude to it. Five young Rebels carried off and rowed across the river a prisoner of the King's, an outlaw who should have been hanged as soon as caught. Are such things to go on beneath our very noses and the perpetrators allowed to go free? What are we Loyalists doing? Let every one of us become a committee of one and let every hole and corner of the city be searched for the young rapscallions. Spare them not when you have found them. Their young necks need stretching and the time has come for rope in the colonies."

This sentiment was largely applauded, after which Lemuel launched out into a tirade against liberty which still further pleased his Tory hearers.

Rodney was taking in the whole scene with feelings of suppressed delight.

He did not know that he was being narrowly watched by a person who stood within a few feet of him.

This spy was none other than Mother Hawks, who, dressed in her everyday garments, did not leave the boy for an instant.

At last Rodney moved off only to have the hag at his heels, for she could trail like a fox-hound. He slipped into a certain area to let certain people pass and found himself in darkness.

Now Mother Hawks imagined that the youth had entered the house itself and she rubbed her skinny hands with glee as her eyes fairly glittered.

The old woman approached and suddenly darted into the area, bringing up against Rodney with a bump which nearly took his breath. Mother Hawks uttered a scream.

"Mercy on me!" cried she. "What have we here?"

The boy's hand fell upon her shoulder and fastened there. He had recognized the voice.

"What is it you want here?" demanded Rodney, sternly

She tried to break away, but the boy held her fast.

"You've been tracking me."

"Me?" ejaculated Mother Hawks. "I'm a decent creature and I don't follow any one."

"You're quite sure of that?"

"Knock on the door and let me show you. This is Master Wetmore's house and——"

Rodney started. Master Wetmore was one of the greatest Loyalists in the colonies; not only this, but it was in his house that General Conway had taken up his quarters.

"Never mind," he said, interrupting the old woman. "You can go for this time."

Instead of quitting the area when released the woman began to hammer on the door with her fists

"Here, you will wake all of them up?" cried Rodney.

"That's just what I want to do," was the reply. "This is where General Conway resides and he can tell you that I'm a good woman."

"I'll take it for granted. We musn't disturb the King's officer at this hour. I'll leave you here.""

"Not for a minute!" was the retort and that instant a hand reached Rodney's throat and he was forced against the wall.

With the other hand Mother Hawks began to beat upon the door and her voice was almost loud enough to rouse the dead.

"See here," cried the young watchmaker. "You raise the town. General Conway is abed, no doubt, and——"

Just then a carriage drove into the gutter beyond the door and a large man in brilliant uniform alighted. Rodney recognized h[illegible] at a single glance. At the same moment [illegible] was spied by Mother Hawks.

"This way, General!" she exclaimed. "I'm holding one of the young Rebels for you."

Rodney tried to break the hold of that terrible clutch at his throat, but the lean fingers seemed to have met behind his windpipe. The old hag seemed to have the strength of a giantess.

"What's that?" exclaimed the officer who came forward with springy strides.

"I've caught one of the five young rascals who rescued Captain South, the Rebel. I've been watching him ever since he left his nest. I've got my hands on him. Call the guards, my dear General!"

By this time the Briton was at the stoop and was trying to make out the figures which he saw but dimly.

"My rascally attendants must be off somewhere," he said. "Let me see. Which is the Rebel and which the woman?"

Horrified by his situation Rodney put forth a desperate effort and loosened the talons at his throat. But the way to freedom was blocked by the stalwart figure of the British officer.

"Catch him, General!" shrieked Mother Hawks. "He's got away from me."

General Conway caught our young hero just as he reached the step, but Rodney plunged aside and was soon on the pavement. Mother Hawks ran forward and straight into the Briton who toppled back with a curse and a grunt, and when he recovered he saw Rodney's flying figure by the light of the nearest windows

Instantly he drew his pistol and took aim. The weapon flashed forth its blaze and Rodney felt a sting in his side. He fell against a wall, coming to his knees, but was soon on his feet again and running like a deer

"I'll catch him!" cried Mother Hawks, seeing that the youth was weaving between house and gutter and on she came with her best foot foremost, displaying great agility for one of her years.

At last the young patriot saw that he was losing ground, owing to the shot which he feared had inflicted a serious wound. He heard the feet of Mother Hawks behind him. In a few seconds her hand would be upon his shoulder and then back to Captain Cunningham and his terrible whip!

It was this that sent a nameless thrill through every fiber of the young watchmaker's frame.

He staggered against the wall of a house and braced his feet as firmly as he could on the stones. With grated teeth and flashing eyes he turned towards his vindictive pursuer. She was near at hand, panting like a porpoise, but full of devilish spirit, her long arms thrust out ready to tear him to pieces.

Rodney deliberately drew from underneath his doublet the pistol which he had resolved not to use except under the most desperate circumstances.

Clutching it firmly, he thrust it forward and before Mother Hawks saw it the muzzle almost touched her face. She fell back, almost losing her balance.

"Halt!" cried the boy. "If you come near me I'll send starlight through your head"

(C[illegible] on page fi[illegible]

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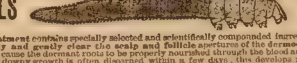

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The Vanishment of Gulnare

(Continued from page four.)

Eldow?"

"Why should I say anything about it?"

"Because you are the man who put up the job on Wallace."

"Absurd!"

"It may seem so to you; it did to me, but the authorities are actually considering the proposition of arresting you, sending you to take the place of the late prisoner."

"Wallace has been released then?"

"Oh, yes, he's out on bail."

"Pending a sifting of this man's confession?"

"Exactly."

"Who bailed him out?"

"I did."

"You?" in apparent surprise.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Yes, but you——"

"Have no wish to be thought a party to any such infamy as this man Stynch lays to our firm. He carried the idea you know that we were jealous of Wallace, feared him in fact because of some discoveries he has made which he was about to report to the Government. Absurd, of course it is absurd, but I resolved to be on the safe side, so I came forward and signed the bail bond. It wouldn't do to let folks imagine there was a word of truth in that man's confession you know?"

"Surely not."

"That's why I watched the trains. I wanted to get you away and warn you to be on your guard. I am confident parties are working to put us in a hole by arresting you."

"Such nonsense."

And yet the big man of the town was not quite easy in his mind. His employer noticed this at once and said:

"Now tell me the truth, Eldow."

"The truth?"

"Is Stynch's confession true?"

"How should I know?" and the speaker's face flushed annoyedly. "I am sure I am not anybody's keeper. If you have attempted anything of this sort, why——"

"Don't be a fool, Eldow!" broke forth the mine owner angrily. "It is up to you to prove your innocence."

"Why, good heavens, Gabriel, what do you take me for?" gasped the astonished manager. "A common thug?"

"No, but there has been some dealings between you and this man Stynch."

"Who says so?"

"It is not necessary for that. At Boody's [illegible] you know——"

"Well, what of that?"

"It is known that your interference saved this fellow, Stynch, from a beating he richly deserved. So at least I am informed."

"I'd like to know your informant."

"No particular one person; several who were there say you interfered to aid the big bully to nearly annihilate Irl Wallace. I am not asking why you did this——"

"No, I should think not."

McForce rose and stood hat in hand, biting his mustache and looking anything but at his ease.

"I shall go and see this Stynch if he is still alive," he proceeded, "and thrust his lie down his throat."

"So it is a lie then?"

"How could you think otherwise?"

"I don't know. You see there's been some dark hints thrown out. Now I want it distinctly understood that I am not a party to any dishonorable game to ruin another. Now if you, Eldow——"

Lickspur got no further.

"You may consider the office of manager of the Lickspur mine vacant from now on," said the younger man, in a low tone, indicating smothered wrath. He was at the door and was opening the same as the pussy. Mr. Lickspur struggled to his feet, with hoarsely uttered remonstrances.

He was saved the trouble of accepting his foreman's resignation, however. Other powers were at work aiding in the downfall of the great Mogul of Lickspur mine.

Sheriff Storms was at the door when Eldow McForce opened it to pass out. He seemed slightly embarrassed at meeting both these men face to face. Every man is a freeman in these United States. Storms had said this a hundred times, and yet he cowered just the least bit in the presence of wealth. Nine men out of ten will do the same and blow the millionaires to the hot place afterward—in their minds.

The county official begged McForce a thousand pardons when he produced his warrant, and assured the other that it grieved him deeply to be obliged to place him under arrest.

"This is an outrage!" roared old Gabriel.

But McForce put up his hand remonstratingly.

"Never mind, Mr. Lickspur," he said with a laugh, "this little by-play won't amount to anything." And then he walked submissively away with the officer.

CHAPTER XV.

AIDING AN ENEMY.

"It's a queer mixup and no mistake."

The speaker, a thin, wiry little man, with keen black eyes and the air of one who has full command of himself at all times, plucked at his bushy mustache and seemed puzzled.

Irl Wallace, now a free man, was the lawyer's companion, the two sitting in the office room of the mine owner, Lickspur. The latter individual had been called suddenly away to an Eastern city before he had had any time to consult with his lawyer, the keen-witted Wiseax of the Windy City.

The mine owner had run upon Irl when the latter was about to leave Tidewater for the West, having decided to give up his prospecting among the copper hills for a time at least.

It was then that the elder man laid bare his soul to the younger, assuring him that he desired Irl to remain and look after the case of his manager, who had been accused of a crime by the drunken, irresponsible Grant Stynch. Irl could not help being thrilled with a feeling akin to gratification that at last he was found good enough to be noticed by the grand Mogul of the copper country. The copper king and himself had been on scarcely speaking terms up to this time.

"You must know that you will prove a esirable witness," said Lickspur, "and I ant you to help my foreman out of this [illegible]

"Anything I can do of course," assented Irl. "As for my being an important witness, however, that is hardly true. I know absolutely nothing about the stage holdup. You are the best witness of all, Mr. Lickspur. You were one of the victims of the stage robbery——"

"No, there you are mistaken," assured the big man quickly.

"In what particular?"

"Nobody was robbed."

"Then I have been misinformed."

"You certainly have if you were told anybody was robbed. Whoever held us up did some nasty shooting, then skedaddled in the darkness, without making themselves known."

Irl assured the mine owner of his good will in the matter and thus they separated. Irl surely owed no love to anybody connected with the Lickspur mine, and he was almost willing to accept the story Stynch had told as true. That Eldow McForce was a dyed-in-the-wool scoundrel he had not the least doubt; that he was none too good to have put up this stage-robbing episode was patent enough; and yet the young prospector had his doubts.

When the noted lawyer came from Chicago Irl was one of those who met him and accompanied him to the home of the mine owner. The young man and great lawyer were in consultation for some time.

"If this man Stynch is not yet dead I must see him," finally decided Lawyer Wiseax.

When Wiseax went to the house where Stynch lay dying Irl repaired to the county jail. It seemed good to him to be free. He had not made use of this freedom, however, to pay his respects to the ladies of his acquaintance. Duty seemed to call him to other work for the time being.

McForce occupied a larger and better room in the jail than had Irl. The young man smiled as he thought that position and money made this difference.

McForce held out his hand with a smile.

"The tables have been neatly turned," said he in a cheerful voice.

"It looks that way," assented Irl, not accepting the proffered hand.

He sat down on a chair—the room was furnished like a parlor—and regarded his enemy with feelings of curiosity and half triumph.

McForce bit his lip, plainly annoyed.

"Your plans have been badly smashed, Eldow."

"Well, as for that, I am not so sure. I certainly had not planned to receive visitors at the county jail."

"Nor were you expecting me to call?"

"Frankly, no. You see——"

"You hardly imagined I would be fool enough to come in and commiserate with the man who had done his best to ruin me."

"That is a bald statement, Mr. Wallace. I——"

"Yet nevertheless a true one. It all seems like a dream to me."

"Your incarceration?"

"Yes, that and all that has preceded it," said Irl. "You doubtless wonder how I came to interest myself enough in your welfare to call. I am here, not at my own inclination, but at the request of another."

"Indeed!" The prisoner looked his surprise.

"Yes. Mr. Lickspur asked me to befriend you."

"He did?"

"Sure he did, else you would never have seen me again inside these jail walls. I hate the place, and would have put distance between me and the copper country had not your employer asked me to stay."

"What does he expect of you?"

"I have an idea."

"Yes?"

"He imagines he can secure your freedom and again place me behind the bars. Wasn't I magnanimous to stop around here at his request and aid him and you in encompassing my own ruin?" The speaker laughed grimly.

"Gabriel Lickspur is incapable of such treachery."

"How about yourself?" The eyes of Irl Wallace pierced the other to the quick. He was trying to read the man's innermost thoughts.

"I have done wrong in some instances," said the mine superintendent, in a low, even tone, "but of course you do not think that I had anything to do with your arrest and imprisonment."

"It seems to me you ask a very foolish question, Eldow."

"You need not answer unless you choose."

"But I will answer, that you may know I an not quite the verdant green you may think me. From the time I first set foot in the copper country you, Eldow McForce, have been my implacable enemy. Why? Well, I am not quite sure that I can answer that, but I do know that you used this man Stynch, a low, despicable tough, to do me up, drive me away if possible. Not succeeding in this holy undertaking, as a last resort, you attempted to fix a penitentiary crime upon me. Could anything be more villainous? Now, do I owe you any aid in your present trouble? You know I do not. Your hireling has turned against you at last; you are in the toils and can see no way out save by calling upon the man you have wronged to step in the breach and——"

"Stop right there, Irl Wallace."

The face of the prisoner had gone white.

"Your insinuations are false from a to izzard; I am not the man you paint me. I do not profess to be an angel, and yet, after I had done some petty, spiteful things against you I quickly came to myself when I learned that you had been arrested for murder."

"Tremendously surprised, I suppose!"

"I surely was. I did not believe you capable of such a crime."

"What do you think at present?"

"That you are a headstrong, wilful boy, nothing worse. As to the stage robbery and murder, that has nothing to do with either you or me. In fact I put myself out to go to Chicago, engage a keen lawyer there to undertake your defense, all at my own expense. Had I thought you guilty would I have done that?"

"Truly not. You know I am not guilty."

"How should I know that?"

"From the fact that you know who is guilty."

McForce scowled and took a hasty turn about the room.

"You are pleased to be insulting, Irl Wallace," said the mine superintendent at last, facing his visitor with a pallid face and [illegible]sely gleaming eyes. "I heard all the

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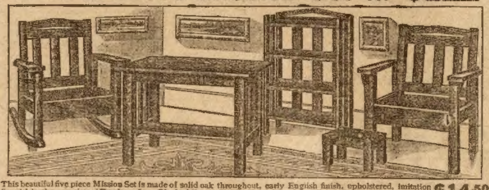

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evidence against you and then, as I just said, hurried to the city and employed a lawyer to defend you. I meant to see that you had fair play. I think you take an unfair advantage of me now. I have, however, not the least fear for myself. Conscious innocence never fears. If you have nothing further to offer I wish you would go."

"Who was this lawyer?" asked Irl, somewhat in doubt.

"Wiseax."

"Ah, yes. Well, he is in town now. You will have the pleasure of a call from him soon. He is to undertake your defense."

"I am glad to have such an able attorney to defend me."

"What have you to say about the confession made by your tool?"

"Sir!"

"I refer, of course, to Grant Stynch."

"I haven't learned the exact nature of that confession. If it has aught to do with me it is a malicious falsehood."

Irl turned to go. He saw that nothing was to be learned here. Whether guilty or innocent the manager of Lickspur mine would have to stand trial.

Soon after quitting the jail, while hastening his steps toward the center of the village, Irl Wallace was stopped by some one calling his name.

It proved to be Dave Boody, the man at whose house Irl had been so roughly handled at an earlier date. He was so closely connected with one he loved the young prospector at once answered the summons by halting.

Boody drove up in a buckboard and signed for Irl to get in beside him.

"I was out looking for you, young feller."

"Yes?" said Irl as they rode along.

"Things have taken a mighty queer turn," declared the big guardian of Miss Silene Dawn.

"You refer to what?"

"Your case and that of his majesty, McForce."

"Yes," admitted Irl, "there has been a turn of the tables."

"That's what sent me after you. My ward, Silene, believes you were put upon, and she wants a talk with you. No excuses now. She has got something to tell you about this stage robbery case."

"But there was no real robbery," began Irl.

"That's so, that's so," interrupted the big forester. "It's about that and about Dr. Crystal she wants to talk, and with you. There's some mystery, my boy, that needs unraveling."

CHAPTER XVI.

TWO INTERVIEWS.

For some time after that Chicago trip Silene Dawn kept very close indoors. She was secretly chagrined and disconcerted by her little encounter with the man she had in a pet promised to marry.

The turn of the tables resulting in the arrest of McForce and release of Wallace brought to the girl of the cottage many conflicting thoughts. She had wronged Irl most grievously. There were some things in connection with that stage robbery which had puzzled her all along.

The more she thought on the subject the more did she become convinced that there was a very deep mystery connected with the affair which ought in justice to all concerned be unraveled.

On hearing of the confession of Grant Stynch a thrill of horror swept the girl's frame. How near she had come to making a horrid mistake. Another puzzle was the strange actions of Eldow McForce. He had fiercely urged her to wed him and immediately after her scornful refusal he appeared to be very much gratified and declared he was glad of her refusal.

After a day or two the girl had calmed herself sufficiently to decide upon a plan of action. She had been something of a dawdler in the past, she resolved that she would not be that in the time to come.

Learning that Irl Wallace had been given his freedom, that no longer there rested a stain against his good name, Silene requested her guardian to send for him.

And thus it was that our youthful hero found himself once more in the presence of the girl he loved yet could not wed.

The cottage parlor fronted the lake, from the window of which a splendid view could be had of the blue waters and surrounding hills. There was a simple warm clasp of the hands, a return twinkle in the eyes of the twain as Irl accepted the seat proffered him by Miss Dawn.

"It may seem strange to you, Irl," said the girl, going at the business in hand without prelude, "to have me send for you. I have been in deep trouble for several days. I suppose you know why Mr. McForce went to Chicago a few days since?"

"He told me about going—it was to secure a lawyer to defend me. Yes, I have talked with him. Of course I can believe what I please of that."

"Have you doubts as to his sincerity, Irl?"

"Grave doubts, Silene."

"And it seems to me you have had reason to doubt that man's honesty. I have even been skeptical myself. I am so no longer, however."

The young man regarded her questioningly without speaking.

"I believe Eldow entirely guiltless of this stage holdup."

"Don't you think the story Grant Stynch tells is true?"

"Nor a word of it."

"I am not so sanguine. That man has tried his best to injure me," said Irl with some heat. "Now is a good time to tell you some things, Silene, things concerning this man who has posed as a most exemplary citizen. That he has ability no man can doubt, but that he has an honest hair in his head I do not believe."

"But you——"

"I beg your indulgence for a moment, Silene," cried he, his face flushing, his eyes shining. "I wish to put myself right with you, after which we will discuss ways and means to accomplish justice. You have not forgotten Boody's dance?"

"Hardly," with a faint smile.

"It was there that McForce showed the cloven hoof. He entangled me in his arms while his tool, the man who is now to prove his undoing, I firmly believe, nearly killed me. You came into the room where I lay, beaten to a pulp, and that man McForce allowed you to see me in that condition, allowed you to think I had engaged in a drunken brawl, when in truth I had touched only a drop of red liquor that night which I had applied to an aching tooth. Hypocritical through and through, McForce, with all his business abilities, is a scheming scoundrel."

"Mercy!" exclaimed his listener, "this is a terrible picture."

"Yet true in every particular."

For some minutes Silene sat as if debating something in her brain. She did not seem to act like one who had been very deeply impressed with what her companion had told her. He felt that he had made a vain plea.

"I have told you the simple truth," he supplemented. "You can see——"

"I can see that I shall have in you no strong champion of Eldow's case. I think I had best not enter into the plan I have mapped out—at least not to you."

The girl passed to the window, tapped the pane with her knuckles and looked far abroad. When at length she turned to him once more a tear glistened in the dark brown eyes.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the young man, "I hope you don't think——"

"I did think I should have a helper in you, Irl," said the girl, in a choking voice. "I can not believe Eldow committed that stage holdup."

"Why are you so interested in his case?" asked the youth. "It seems to me you and McForce have grown to be very dear friends of late. You were with him on his Chicago trip?"

"Yes," with a drawing up of her slender form.

"And from your own choosing I have no doubt."

"That may also be admitted. We went in your interest, Mr. Wallace."

There was a decided iciness in the tones of her voice. Irl was making progress backward. This interview was not what he had hoped it to be.

"I beg your pardon, Silene," said he in a burst of genuine feeling. "We must not quarrel. I can not afford to think ill of you."

He was on his feet now, and stepped to her side, taking her hands in a close clasp. She dropped her head against his shoulder and began to cry.

Their quarrel was soon ended. No man can stand a woman's tears. Irl was too much in love with Silene to think of going contrary to her wishes.

"I will do anything you ask of me, Silene," declared he when they had made up, and she was once more calm. "I of course can not help believing that McForce is an evil man, yet if there is any show for him I am willing that he shall have the benefit."

"I am glad to hear you say that," returned she. "I, of course, do not know who held up the stage that night, but it is well enough to learn all the facts before convicting even your supposed enemy of murder."

To all of which the young man agreed.

"Have you seen this man Stynch?" she asked.

"Not yet. I tried to but was refused admittance."

"He is still alive?"

"I think so."

"I want you to see him and get his story, after which come to me and we will see what can be done to disprove the same."

"To disprove it? Then you——"

"Wish to get at the facts, nothing more."

"And I am with you there."

"There is one man you must find, Irl, a man who has not figured in this case since the day following the holdup."

"Who is that?"

"Doctor Crystal."

"Ah, Doctor Crystal! I remember him. A sort of traveling doctor if I am not mistaken?"

"An herb doctor and a good one," returned Silene. "Why he has absented himself so long I do not know. On his travels I suppose."

"Do you think he knows something of this case?"

"That remains to be seen. He held the examination over the murdered Tompkins. He will certainly prove a most important witness."

"Against the prisoner, yes," admitted Irl.

"I want you to find the Doctor," said she without heeding his insinuation. "That is why I sent for you today. I got to thinking it over and wondered why, during all this hubbub, no one had thought of Doctor Crystal. There can be no doubt of his importance in the case."

"Surely not."

Irl left his fair friend with a queer sensation in his heart. Boody sent a man and buckboard to return the prospector to Tidewater.

"Here is the man now, Auntie Cherry!"

Enlightened.

"Pa," said little Ostend, as he leaned out of the window of the smoker, "why do they put those bulldogs in the baggage car?"

"On account of their grips, my son," responded pa, solemnly, and then the train rolled on.

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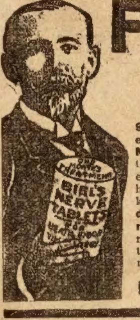

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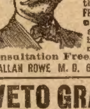

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l Wallace was striding down the street, had whirled a corner, when he came n a small boy and young woman who evidently been walking through an adnt grove. Cherry's face was white and e lingered in the violet eyes a shadow adness touching to see.

lush, Jed," warned the gentle voice of girl.

at Irl had been attracted and he halted, ing for them to come up.

e held out his hand. This was their meeting since he had been set free. thoughts ran riot in that one minute fore either uttered a word. Her little d was held so that he saw the gleam of ng—his ring! And then he knew how l he had made it for himself.

Auntie has been crying," said Jed.

And why should Auntie cry?" asked Irl. She smiled at this and allowed him to ld fast to her little hand.

"Little boys should not tell tales out of hool," she said.

Well, but you was cryin', Auntie erry."

suppose you have heard the news, rry?" said Irl.

es, that you were free, and that he has n your place. How terrible it all seems it not?"

Yes, that is so."

He still held her hand, scarcely knowing w to proceed, what to say.

"That horrid Stynch has done it all," she id. "What a bad man he is. He has made ots of trouble for you, Irl, and now he is aking trouble for Mr. McForce. Do you now, I am sure he has done this last because of Eldow's interfering to save you from being murdered by him and his helpers hat day at the lake. You haven't forgoten?"

The violet eyes went up to his face with a alf pleading expression.

He had not forgotten and so he assured He also thought he knew how that afr at the lake had come about. Just now had not time to burden this girl with his fs on the subject.

am going to interview Stynch," said he, must not waste time on the way. I see you again, Cherry."

ou are going to see Stynch?"

es, Cherry——"

Oh, try your best to have him tell the th," she broke forth with startling venence, pulling her hand from his, standg back, trembling throughout all her slener young frame. "Eldow could not be bad s this man paints him. I know, I know, or——"

She was white, almost choking with emotion.

Irl steadied her as she seemed about to ll. He held her in the crook of his arm hile she covered her face against his oulder and cried.

It was rather awkward for him. Little erry was a dear all right enough, and his omised wife. Her tears were, however, ned for another. He might have been ealous had he so minded, but he was nothng of that kind. Cherry had such a sympathetic heart.

"Never mind," soothed the youth, lifting the sweet face up to his, pressing a kiss upon the trembling lips. "It will all come right in the end. Good-by, dear, till another ime."

With that he set her gently aside and hastened his steps in the direction of Tidewater hospital, his thoughts in a mixed state of agitation and unrest.

The continuation of this highly interesting story will be found in the Ledger issue f next week. The Ledger is only $1.00 per ar; it is worth many times that amount. d in your subscription.

◆

Rodney the Watchmaker.

(Continued from page twelve.)

He was desperate. He knew what recapture meant. And he had already felt the and of his enemy.

Mother Hawks stood like a statue not five feet away. Her eyes blazed with tigerish rage. She was to lose her prey. Suddenly she looked over her shoulder. What had become of General Conway? Why had he not joined in the chase?

Ju[illegible] above Rodney's head was the stone sill o[illegible] window which was shuttered, but he ha[illegible]aid no attention to it. He had seen no[illegible] but the termagant at his heels.

"You're a pretty Rebel!" hissed Mother Hawks, when, after several efforts, she recovered her breath. "I suppose you're looking for some other Rebel prisoner who wants to be taken across the river."

Rodney did not speak. His pistol was the only answer he had for Mother Hawks.

"Aha!" suddenly cried the Tory hag. "They're coming. Don't you hear the soldiers?"

Rodney heard. Even as the old woman spoke he caught the sound of footsteps on the pavement. The soldiers of the King were coming forward for him. No doubt General Conway had directed them.

His side hurt him more and more. He could feel his own blood trickling into his shoes.

"Here he is!" cried Mother Hawks, turning half way round. "I've got the game treed. Come on, my brave hearties. He can't get away. I think the General must have pinked him."

By the lights that flashed from several windows Rodney caught sight of the guards rushing forward.

His hand clutched the butt of his pistol with desperation. He could not fight the squad; he knew this, but he was half inclined to terminate Mother Hawks' existence then and there.

On came the tramping guards. In another moment they would be upon him.

"Here he is!" screeched the woman, turning full upon the soldiers. "I've been keeping hands off him for you, my boys."

At that moment something happened. The shutters of the window flew open. A huge hand was thrust out. It closed upon Rodney's shoulder. He was lifted from the g[illegible]d as if he were a mere child. He w[illegible]jerked across the stone sill into a ch[illegible]ber as dark as the caves of Egypt. [illegible] shutters immediately closed with a

[illegible]ll was the work of a moment.

[illegible]dney heard a wail of discomfiture fro[illegible]Mother Hawks; that was all.

He was carried from the dark room into on[illegible]ed and for [illegible]time

"Who are you?" asked the boy.

"I'm Casimir, the blacksmith, and I shoe the King's horses," and once more Rodney's heart sank in his bosom.

The continuation of this thrilling story of Revolutionary days will be found in the Ledger issue of next week. If you are not a regular subscriber to the Ledger we would like to have your name on our list. The Ledger is only $1.00 per year; it is worth many times that amount. Send in your subscription, for many great stories that you can not afford to miss will appear during the coming months.

◆

Lesson That Failed.

"I don't suppose," the timid young man said, as he tremblingly approached her father, "that you will be inclined to grant the request I have to make, Mr. Boodleson, but——"

"Stop!" the millionaire commanded. "I know what you're here for. My daughter told me this morning that you would call on me today. She made a strong plea for you, and I promised her that I'd listen to you patiently; but you have just about convinced me that you are not the kind of a chap I want for a son-in-law."

"Wh-why, what have I done—what have I said to c-cause you to fe-feel that way?"

"I'll tell you. You came in here saying you didn't expect me to consent to let you have my daughter. That's no way to begin. If you expect to get along in the world you'll have to get over that way of approaching people. You should have come to me with a feeling of confidence in your breast and with words on your lips that would have indicated that you didn't doubt for a moment that you'd carry your point. Why, when I asked my wife's father for her I went up to him with all the confidence in the world, slapped him on the back and let him understand that I hadn't a doubt of my ability to win his consent."

"All right, old man. Seeing that there's no reason why Genevieve and I shouldn't get married, you'll, of course, give your consent, and remember that I expect you to do something handsome in the way of handing out a check as a wedding present. No bluff, you understand—no $10,000 check that is to be torn up after the guests leave, or——"

Five minutes later the young man woke up on the sidewalk and began wondering how one was to able to go far enough without going too far.

◆

A Lost Umbrella.

It was on a train coming through southern Wisconsin. On board was one of those impromptu comedy crowds from the tall grass that hadn't any idea it was funny. One woman suddenly descended on her husband with the thrilling inquiry:

"Where's that umbrella of mine?"

"I dunno," growled the husband.

"Well, you had it last."

"Didn't neither."

"You did, too, and you've got to git busy findin' it. I bet it's up forrard there where we was a-settin' before we come back hyer."

More growls from the husband, who was sleepy.

"You got t' help me hunt it, anyway."

She took him and went forward, peering under the seats. All up and down the aisle they went, searching vainly. The more uncomfortable the stooping made her the madder and worse excited the woman got and the worse her husband growled.

Finally she began poking under the seats to see if she could touch the umbrella in some recess beyond her vision.

A girl with a blue feather in her hat, who had been timidly watching the performance and showing a blushing tendency to interrupt, could contain herself no longer.

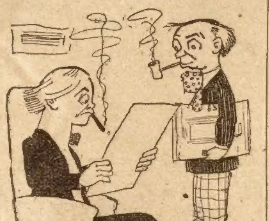
"What's that you're poking under the seats with—isn't that the lost umbrella?" she asked.

The woman straightened up, gave one look at the tightly grasped instrument, and snapped out, "Yes, it is!"

She said it just as if it had all been the fault of the girl with the blue feather in her hat.

◆

A Drawn Look.



Author—Why did you draw my heroine with a piece of courtplaster on her cheek?

Artist—Why, in the last chapter her face fell, didn't it?

◆

Curiosities of Smell.

"No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor," says a writer. "For it is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibration of the air, as in the case of light and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off.

"There is no end to the curiosities of smell. It is, for instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose refuses to recognize any odor there at all.

"It is not in the nostril that the sense of smell lies, but in the upper third of the nose. There the red lining of the nostril [illegible] into brown, and becomes much

Window Screens.

Window screens are neat little collections of square holes surrounded by thin wire and inclosed in frames.

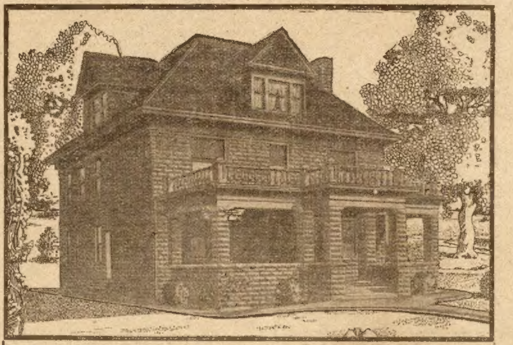
Screens are also intended to bar out mosquitoes. The mosquito is a persistent brute, however, and when it bumps against a screen will calmly sit down and starve until it has reduced itself sufficiently to crawl through.

Screens are stored in the attic or the basement during the winter. If they are put in the attic they are placed where old trunks may be heaped upon them, thus giving them a battered effect similar to heirlooms. If they are placed in the cellar the furnace man steps on them frequently, and sometimes uses them to sift ashes through.

When they are taken out in the spring it is found that none of them will fit the window you want it to. The mental exercise of sorting out the screens is equal to that afforded by hitting your thumb while driving a nail.

A man can save a lot of money by making his own screens. It is a simple matter to enlarge or reduce the window openings to fit them after they are completed.

One of the unique punishments of the warm section of the hereafter will be the screenmaking and fitting department for neighbors who watch and advise the work in this life.



A Fine Home Like This

Made of cement blocks, complete with every modern convenience, can be built for a surprisingly small sum of money on the average farm. The best grade of Portland Cement is very cheap. Almost every farmer owns or has easy access to a sand pit, a gravel bank, or a stone quarry, so that the material aside from the cement costs him nothing but the hauling. With the aid of our low cost cement working machinery the finest building blocks, porch column blocks, chimney blocks, sills and caps, may be made at odd times when there is nothing else to do on the farm and under these conditions a block 8x8x16 inches in size with almost any style face desired, either plain or ornamental, may be made for just a few cents and when these blocks are put into walls for houses, barns, graneries, carriage houses, cow barns, silos and other farm buildings, you use material which grows stronger with age, which is fireproof, which is easily handled, and which is coming more and more into use among farmers everywhere, as it is the cheapest and most satisfactory building material now known.

This is the age of cement, it is used on the farm for all building purposes, for fence posts, for water troughs, for feeding pen floors. It is practically indestructible, any man of average intelligence can use this material successfully. It is cheaper than wood, brick or stone in first cost and it is more durable than any other building material. We are large handlers of high grade cement working machinery of every description. We have a cement building block machine as low as $16.40, which is just the thing for the farmer to use around the place for making building blocks, foundation blocks, etc., and from this low cost, dependable machine we carry other styles ranging up to the adjustable automatic machines which make all sizes and styles. We sell silo molds and silo machines, chimney block machines, porch column molds, sill and cap molds, tile molds, fence post molds, concrete mixers, concrete workers' tools,—in fact, everything to be used in connection with cement, all at prices much below those asked by other dealers.

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We have just issued a new catalogue listing our entire line of low cost guaranteed cement working machinery. It not only lists everything you will need in building with cement, but it also gives you much interesting information which every farmer ought to have. This catalogue is fully illustrated and gives quotations which will interest every farmer, contractor, and builder, because they are so much below the prices asked by manufacturers for machines of equal quality. We sell cement block machines for one-third the prices asked by some manufacturers and dealers for machines which will not do better or faster work or make a more satisfactory block. Don't buy cement machinery of any kind until you have written us a letter or a postal card and asked for a copy of this free catalogue. See what we offer you, note our prices and you will be surprised to learn how inexpensive our machines are, how much you can save by making your own cement blocks, drain tiles, fence posts, etc., simply by working at odd times when there is nothing else to do on the farm and using the raw materials which you have close at hand simply for the hauling.

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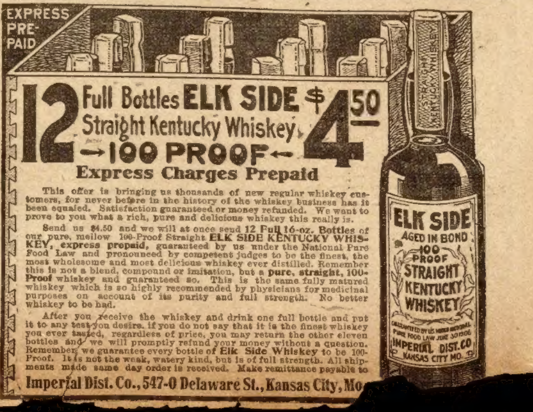

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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Wise Men of Gotham.

A "wise man of Gotham" is a fool, but the phrase arose through the real wisdom of the people that lived in the English town of Gotham. The story goes that King John of England once visited the town with the intention of seeing a castle that he thought of taking for himself. But the Gothamites did not care for the nearness of royalty and the expense they would be put to if the king should have a house there, and so they cooked up a scheme to drive him away. When the king arrived with his company of followers and rode through the town, he saw all the inhabitants of Gotham going about the most foolish of tasks, each person with a silly smile on his face. The king was disgusted with them. He would not live among crazy people, and so he rode on through the town and did not stop for the castle. Then the wise men of Gotham, still smiling but not in a silly fashion, told one another that there were more fools that passed through Gotham than remain in it.

HIS SHADOW.

There is a funny little boy
  Who follows me around.
He sometimes walks upon the fence
  And often on the ground.
He never runs about alone,
  But always mimics me.
And sometimes I'm as tired of him,
  As tired as I can be.
Once in a while, in lonesome times,
  He's nice to have around,
For then he's sort of company,
  I oftentimes have found.
He always seems to be afraid
  To go outdoors at night.
He hides away and never comes
  Till it is very light.
I sometimes think he's cowardly
  And try to punish him,
But off he starts and runs away—
  He's such an awful "limb."
I get so vexed I try to put
  My foot right on his head.
He bobs and dodges so I can't.
  Who says shadows are dead?
My brother says it is no boy,
  It hasn't life at all;
But I know better, mine's alive,
  Just see him on the wall,
He shakes his finger, so and so,
  As lively as can be.
I'm fatter, but I cannot run
  A faster race than he.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Mamma—Why, Tommy, what are you racing up and down the hall that way for?

Tommy—I'm practicing so papa can't catch me.

Mamma—Why don't you want your father to catch you?

Tommy—'Cause he told me not to let him catch me near the circus grounds tomorrow.

—

Mamma—Take this bottle to the drug store and get a dime's worth of sweet oil.

Little Elmer—About how sweet do you want it, mamma?

—

Mamma—When we go to to Uncle Bob's we will travel in a sleeping car.

Little Irma (aged 5)—Oh, no, mamma. Let's travel in a wide-awake car!

—

"Now, Stella," said the Sunday school teacher to a small pupil, "what is our duty to our neighbors?"

"To wait until they get settled, then call on them," was the reply.

—

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed an anxious mother, "what is that long mark on the back of your hand?"

"Oh," replied Johnny, indifferently, "I scratched it with a cat."

—

Little 4-year-old Thelma had been punished by her mother for a trifling offense and when her father came home she ran to meet him with her eyes full of tears.

"Oh, p-papa," she sobbed, "m-mamma whipped me t-today an' my f-feelings are all b-black and b-blue!"

They Went Anyhow.

There were two little boys who recently went to visit a country aunt. They were allowed to run about and get dreadfully dirty, and so were equally happy. They adored their aunt and tried to please her. They succeeded in rather an odd way upon one occasion.

They were in the midst of a mud-pie tournament when their aunt, carefully dressed, came out of the house and mounted into her carriage.

"Where are you going, Aunt Mary?" asked John.

"To Mr. Bailey's funeral," the aunt replied.

"Dear me!" sighed Billy, the younger, "I have never been to a funeral. I do wish you would take us, Auntie!"

"If you had only asked sooner," said Aunt Mary, "I would have dressed you and taken you. Mr. Bailey was our principal citizen and I would have been glad to have you do his memory honor."

Away went the carriage, but John and Billy stood and pondered. To miss the funeral of the principal citizen was out of the question, but they wanted to please Aunt Mary. There was no time to bathe, don best clothes and so forth, but they would honor the departed to the best of their ability.

Imagine, then, Aunt Mary's feelings when she beheld her two well-meaning nephews walk into the village church and solemnly proceed up the center aisle, bare-footed, deplorably dirty, but wearing their best hats and rigid kid gloves!

Cats and Dogs.

To say that it is raining cats and dogs is incorrect unless there is wind as well as rain. That is because the saying has a history. In the stories that people told two thousand years ago in the north of Europe the cat was the animal that ruled the rain and the dog was the one that made the wind blow. The people that told these stories were the ancestors of most Americans, and so the stories have stayed with us.

A NICE LITTLE GIRL.

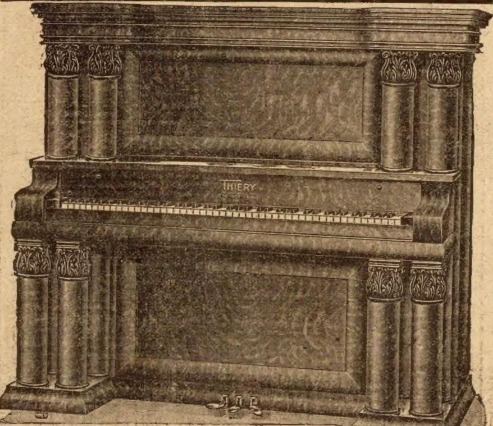
"I hate a nice new frock;
  I'd rather not be clean;
I want to play some more;
  I think it's awful mean

"To have to be dressed up;
  I'll cry out both my eyes;
I want to go outdoors
  And make some more mud pies!"

A GOOD IDEA.

Said Janey: "I look volumes
  And why I'll tell to you,
I don't know how to read; so that's
  The best that I can do."

SEND ME YOUR NAME



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